2

AN ESSAY ON THE HUMAN SOUL.

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TO THE

READER.

NOtwithſtanding the many works which have been already publiſhed upon the Human Soul, this ſubject is entirely new.

If metaphyſical works are but little intereſting; if they generally prove dry and tireſome to the Reader, it is the fault of the Writers, not the neceſſary conſequence of the ſubject.

Should this ſmall Eſſay meet with public approbation, the Author intends to ſhew, in a ſubſequent work, how the obſervations which are now offered, conduce to the diſcovery of many important truths.

ERRATA.

Page 4, line 7 from the bottom, instead of, 'such as Bacchus is said to have been when delivered from Jupiter's thigh;' *read*, 'such as Pallas is said to have been when delivered from Jupiter's brain.'

CONTENTS.

OF the Faculties of the Soul Page 1
Of innate Sentiments - 7
A Refutation of the Opinion of Philosophers concerning Pity - - 10
Of Sensibility - - - 15
Of Instinct - - - 16
Of the Understanding - - ibid.
The Formation of our Ideas - 19
Of Memory - - - 22
Of Remembrance and Recollection - 23
Of the Will - - - 26
The Origin of the different Sentiments of the Soul - - - 27
Of the Passions in particular - 32
Refutation of a Sophism of Helvetius 36
The degrees of physical Sensibility and imaginary, examined comparatively - 42
Of the developing of the Faculties of the Soul - - - 44
Of the Exercise of the Faculties of the Soul - - - 48
Of the Exercise of Sensibility - 52
Of the Exercise of the Understanding 58

CONTENTS.

Of the natural Succeſſion of our Ideas P. 64
In what manner Thought becomes Reaſon or Imagination - - 66
Farther Obſervations on the Exerciſe of the Underſtanding; of Wiſdom and Folly 68
Of Penetration, Stupidity, Sagacity and Dulneſs - - - 70
The Explanation of different Phenomena, the Effects of the Paſſions on the Underſtanding - - - 73
Of the Exerciſe of the Memory - 85
Of the Exerciſe of the Will - 89
Particular Obſervations on our Senſations 91
Of the Force of the Paſſions - 94
On the Combination of the Paſſions - 98
The Duration of the Paſſions - 102
Of the Life of the Soul - - 104
The abſurd Opinion of Philoſophers on the Force of the Soul - - 106
True Ideas of the Force of the Soul - 109
Of the feigned Force of the Soul - 111

ESSAY

ESSAY

ON THE

HUMAN SOUL.

OF THE FACULTIES OF THE SOUL.

WE have no immediate knowledge of the ſoul; all we know of it is by its faculties, and its faculties are known to us only by their effects.

Man is ſenſible of relations not ſubject to the ſenſes; he has therefore a *ſenſibility* diſtinct from that of the body.

He compares his ſenſations, he determines their relation and difference; he has therefore a *faculty of judging*.

He retains the ſenſations and ideas which he receives; he therefore muſt have *memory*.

He poſſeſſes freedom of choice, he may either take or leave; he therefore has a *will*.

Theſe faculties of the ſoul have been long known to philoſophers; modern philoſophy acknowledges no other. But if we attentively conſider human actions, there evidently appears in the ſoul another fa-

culty, intirely different from the preceding, and the ſame with that which we deſign in animals by the name of *inſtinct*: I mean a natural bias to particular objects, independent of every idea, and prior to all knowledge.

It is this faculty which regulates the actions of man in the early parts of life; and ſometimes regulates them in the advanced parts, but without being perceived; for it is not by learning, by experience that infants receive the breaſt, apply things to the mouth, or extend their hands to the objects around them; it is not by argument, that they fly from danger, or ſhun fire when they firſt feel it to burn.

This principle ever exiſts in man, but is not always perceived. As it was given us to regulate our actions before reaſon was ſufficiently developed, in proportion as reaſon appears, inſtinct is obſcured: in thoſe actions in which it afterwards directs us, as we ſeldom retire within ourſelves, we cannot diſtinguiſh what we act by reaſon, from what we act by inſtinct.

It is a kind of titillation felt in the body that generates love in the ſoul, but it is inſtinct that points out the object. It is this that produces the propenſity of one ſex to another, and prompts them to perpetuate their ſpecies. The ſame inſtinct inclines the mother to ſuckle ~~its~~ her infant, which directs the hen to

cover

cover her eggs, and the wolf to nouriſh its young. But if man ever had occaſion for this principle, if he ever required its conſtant aſſiſtance, it was in the moſt early ages. Let us then view man as juſt eſcaped from the hand of nature; let us have no recourſe to miracles, nor ſuppoſe our firſt parents had extraordinary means of ſubſiſtence; let us ſuppoſe the laws of nature acting from the *primordia* of things as they act at preſent, ſince there is no reaſon to ſuppoſe them to have varied, and ſupply by philoſophical induction that chronology which is unknown.

Man is born feeble and requires ſtrength; he is born entirely unprovided and requires aſſiſtance; he is born without knowledge and has occaſion for judgment; at his birth even his ſenſes are not developed *, but ſuppoſing they were, he could make no uſe of them, not having compared his ſenſations, much leſs diſtinguiſhed them; he perceives no external object; in a word he is an almoſt inſenſible automaton, an immoveable ſtatue.

The ſenſes gradually develope, and are rendered perfect by exerciſe; by degrees

* The eyes indeed diſcern the light, but diſcern it indiſtinctly. The *membrana tympani* being relaxed, there is no hearing, and the nerves being in the ſame manner inelaſtic, all the ſenſes are imperfect.

an infant ſees and feels; the faculties of the ſoul afterwards expand and riſe to perfection, as thoſe of the body, and by ſimilar means. What ſhall we make of man during this long interval? In what manner can he be ſuppoſed to exiſt, but by having recourſe to celeſtial aid?

Suppoſing man, at the inſtant of his creation, to have been in all reſpects as a new-born infant, and that nature in the developing of his faculties had purſued the ſame laws it does at preſent; is it not evident that he muſt have periſhed through hunger, long before he could be capable of providing his own nouriſhment? The human race therefore muſt have periſhed, had our firſt parents been placed on the earth in the ſtate of infancy: all we are wanting of at our birth, and whatever is requiſite for animal ſubſiſtence muſt therefore have been given to them. The neceſſity of facts obliges us to believe that man came from the hands of the Creator, of full ſtature, ſtrong and with all the ſenſes in perfection, ſuch as Bacchus is ſaid to have been, when delivered from Jupiter's thigh.

Allowing man to have been thus originated, in full vigour, and his ſenſes in perfection, we have then advanced but very little: in what manner was he afterwards

to

to ſubſiſt? It was not ſufficient that he was ſtrong, that he knew the uſe of his ſenſes and his limbs, he muſt likewiſe have been able to diſtinguiſh his aliments; without this, his other faculties would have been inutile. It is eaſily conceived how man in progreſs of time could have acquired this knowledge; and it is evident that this was not the firſt knowledge he did acquire. When affected with either hunger or thirſt, how did he know that to eat and to drink would ſatisfy theſe demands? Let thoſe who pretend to deduce every thing from experience, ſolve this problem. Confine man to ſimple reaſon, and leave him to be inſtructed by gradual experience, he paſſes his whole life ere he attains the knowledge of his aliments; and without knowing where to collect them, he periſhes of hunger at the foot of a tree laden with fruit, or of thirſt on the bank of a river; perhaps from this his ignorance of the fit and unfit, he is poiſoned. What then would have become of man without inſtinct? Who does not ſee that with this ſo much boaſted reaſon, the human race had periſhed, notwithſtanding all the precautions nature had taken to preſerve it? Some perſons evade attributing inſtinct to man, by ſaying he imitated beaſts; but this is rejecting the difficulty, not ſolving it.

Man imitated beaſts it is ſaid; be it ſo; this imitative principle muſt then have been received prior to all knowledge, but how was man firſt brought to imitate them? beſides, doth not this imitation ſuppoſe in man a knowledge he could not have acquired, a knowledge of the phyſical relations of his own nature to that of beaſts? How many difficulties muſt have oppoſed this imitation! and what a concourſe of circumſtances to be imagined! It firſt muſt be proved that man was led to obſerve animals; then by what cauſe he was induced to imitate them in certain caſes only, in thoſe which were conformable to his nature; ſuch as, for inſtance, when the goat plucked the tendrils of the vine and not the hemlock; otherwiſe he would have found a poiſon where he ſought for food.

It is therefore evident, that by attributing to man an inſtinct, whereby he ſupported himſelf in imitation of the inſtinct of animals, and admitting him to have imitated them in certain caſes only, we attribute to him more than reaſon. It will be more eligible to allow him an inſtinct, by which he immediately diſcerned his nouriſhment; this removes the many difficulties which are the neceſſary conſequences of the other.

Reaſon

Reaſon then was not ſufficient to man; we muſt attribute to him an inſtinct, by which he was directed as other animals to the choice of aliments.

There are five diſtinct faculties in the ſoul and only five. Study man ſo much as you pleaſe, obſerve all the operations of his mind, you will diſcover no more than inſtinct, ſenſibility, memory, underſtanding and will. The other faculties attributed to the ſoul, though diſtinct in appearance, are only reſults of theſe five, differently combined.

OF INNATE SENTIMENTS.

Beſide theſe faculties, we perceive in the ſoul an innate ſentiment, prior to all ſenſation, to all idea, to which nature has united the preſervation of human beings; I mean *love of one's ſelf*—that powerful principle which irreſiſtibly directs mankind in all their actions, frequently without being perceived, the ſource of every paſſion, and the end to which all our deſires are directed.

As this love is unbounded, and infinitely more ſtrong than *the love of others*, ſimple as it is, it has been divided into two ſentiments, different in nature and effects; to wit, *love of ſelf*, and *love of preference:* but

it is eaſily perceived that theſe two ſentiments are but one and the ſame affection of the ſoul, by circumſtances diſtinct. When the love of ſelf acts ſimply, man not comparing himſelf to others, it is a ſentiment that excites him to be careful of his own preſervation, to ſeek for pleaſure and to fly from pain. When it acts in oppoſition to the love of others, it is a ſentiment that prompts a man to prefer himſelf and ſeek his own good, even at the prejudice of his neighbour.

In the firſt caſe, the love of ſelf prompting us inceſſantly to purſue happineſs, becomes the ſource of a vaſt number of pleaſing ſentiments for the objects of our pleaſure. In the ſecond, the love of ſelf annihilates every other ſentiment and changes its nature. It is this, which changes fraternal affection to hatred, arms rival brothers, and inſtigates them to mutual murders on the ruins of a father's throne. It is this, which with ſavages pours fury into the breaſt of warriors, renders the victor mercileſs to the vanquiſhed, and prompts him to devour the entrails of the ſlain, yet palpitating with life. It is this, which in a city preyed on by the enemy without, and by the famine within, transforms the tender nature of females to ſavage fury, and arms the mother againſt the

the fruit of her womb.—It is this, in ſhort, that inſpires every cruelty, every barbarous and inhuman action, of which nature ſhudders at the narration.

Another ſentiment innate in the human heart, but felt at intervals only, is *parental affection*, that gentle yearning, on which the preſervation of our ſpecies during infancy depends.

This ſentiment is independent of every other, and as blind as inſtinct itſelf *. A modern author has attempted to deduce it from ſelf-love. "The mother, ſays he, "at firſt nouriſhes her little ones for her "own good, afterwards for their own." But how did ſhe know ere ſhe had experienced, that the ſuckling her child would be of ſervice to herſelf? Beſides, in how many other inſtances doth this affection appear? Conſtraint, diſagreeable offices, privations of every kind,—theſe become the duty of a mother, and this troubleſome duty ſhe conſtantly diſcharges with the loſs of pleaſure, reſt, and often of life:—how many are the dangers ſome mothers voluntarily undergo for the preſervation of their young!

It is no leſs abſurd, to deduce this affection from friendſhip. On what ideas of

* We frequently obſerve hens to hatch and feed ducks, and ducks to hatch and feed chickens.

the merit of a new-born infant, incapable of communicating any pleaſure, and ſcarcely a remove from ſtupidity, can it be founded? Beſide nature ever proportions this ſentiment of tenderneſs to the wants of the child; for mothers ſo much the more love their young, as they are the more infirm or deformed.

Hence the love of mothers for their children is a ſentiment impreſſed on the human heart, by the hands of the Creator.

A REFUTATION OF THE OPINION OF PHILOSOPHERS CONCERNING PITY.

Some philoſophers to the number of innate ſentiments already mentioned add pity,—that gentle emotion, which repreſſes the love of ſelf, intereſts him who is at eaſe in the ſufferings of others, and unites by benevolence all human kind.

" We ſympathize with the unhappy, " we weep at the plaints of the misfor- " tunate, and are moved with the cries of " thoſe who are in pain."

" At the ſight of a ravenous beaſt, rend- " ing the warm entrails of an infant, and " cruſhing its tender limbs in its murder- " ing jaws, we feel extreme anguiſh, and " the ſoul is excruciated with dreadful " agitations."

" Pity

" Pity is a ſentiment ſo natural, that it " precedes reflection, even brute animals " have manifeſt traits of it."

" A live horſe ſtarts back at the ſight " of a dead one, one dog licks the wounds " of another, and cattle when driven to " the place of ſlaughter, vent doleful " cries."

Theſe are the proofs with which ſuch philoſophers ſupport their opinion. At firſt ſight it appears to be well founded, but it is eaſy to conceive that nature formed not man compaſſionate. All men have not pity, ſoldiers but little, butchers leſs, and children (that, if this maxim were true, ſhould poſſeſs the greateſt ſhare of it) have the leaſt of all.

" Pity is a ſentiment ſo natural that the " brute creation have many traits of it." What foundation is there for this aſſertion? " A live horſe ſtarts back at the ſight of " a dead one, one dog licks the wounds " of another, and cattle when driven to " the place of ſlaughter, vent doleful cries." But who is aſſured that this is not an inſtinct peculiar to beaſts? Who knows, if theſe external ſigns be not the effect of ſome diſagreeable ſenſation, or rather of fear excited by the horror of the ſpectacle, than marks of compaſſion?

In

In man the external marks of pity are not pity itſelf; we may have the ſtrongeſt appearance of being affected, but feel not the leaſt emotion. A perſon may zealouſly aſſiſt in the dreſſing of wounds, eaſing painful limbs, alleviating misfortunes, only from the hope of being ſo relieved himſelf; another from a motive of being upon good terms with Heaven, and a third wholly from the pleaſure of virtue.

The man who is witneſs of the ſufferings of the misfortunate and compaſſionates their lot, is a man of pity. Now with a little reflection, it is eaſy to underſtand that pity is a forged ſentiment, acquired from ſociety; it is founded on the idea of pain, and the relations which man forms to himſelf with ſenſible beings. For to bewail the miſeries of others, he muſt firſt have felt them himſelf; he that has never ſuffered has no idea of pain, and is unmoved at the tears, complaints, the long and vehement cries of the ſorrowful heart. But to ſympathize with others, the knowledge of their ſufferings is not ſufficient; a man muſt likewiſe believe himſelf not exempt from the ſame. When we meet a misfortunate perſon, from whoſe misfortunes we believe ourſelves to be ſecure, his complaints do not affect us; in his wounds we diſcover an odious ſpectacle only, a frightful

frightful object, we ſhun the ſight, paſs at a diſtance, and commiſerate him not.

Hence by condoling the afflictions of others we condole ourſelves, conſidering that the ſame lot may happen to our own ſhare; in this reſpect, it is a true ſubject of commiſeration.

"Finally, to commiſerate others, we "muſt be acquainted with their ſufferings, "but not feel them. When a perſon has "once ſuffered, and is fearful of ſuffering "again, he bewails thoſe who ſuffer; but "when himſelf ſuffers, himſelf is the only "perſon he bemoans. In every ſtation "ſubject to the miſeries of life, we allow "to others that ſenſibility we require not "for ourſelves." Pity is then only our ſenſibility, in thought directed towards thoſe, in whoſe circumſtances we ſuppoſe ourſelves to be. Thus pity and the love of ſelf are always in inverſe proportion:

Thoſe that fare ſumptuouſly and live in perfect reſignation to pleaſure, are not anyways affected by the ſufferings of others; their ſenſibility is fixed on themſelves, they are negligent of all beings beſides, and are ſteeled againſt the ſufferings of humanity. In proportion as this love of ſelf increaſes, pity always declines, and frequently becomes extinct.

He who at preſent attends to, and bemoans the evil of your misfortunes, was he your enemy would aggravate, not relieve them.

Nero, who wiſhed he had never learned to write when preſſed to ſign the warrant for a criminal's execution, could delight in the murder of his enemies. The tyrant *, that loudly deplored the fate of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*, could hear without emotion the cries of thoſe he had doomed to deſtruction.

Pity is not only deſtroyed by the paſſions, it is nouriſhed by tender ſentiments, and rendered extinct by the frequency of thoſe objects, which ought to confirm it. By frequently attending the bloody feaſts, which in ſome great cities are given by luxury to idleneſs, you will not experience thoſe ſtrong emotions you had hitherto felt at the cries of mangled animals; you in time will attend to them with pleaſure, and wait impatiently for their repetition. By a long continuance of them, the ſoul becomes callous to their impreſſions, unaffected at the proſpect of human miſeries, and inſenſible to every tender emotion.

Does not the foregoing prove that pity is not a native of the human breaſt?

* Alexander, tyrant of Phares.

Senſibility,

Senſibility, inſtinct, underſtanding, memory, will, love of ſelf, parental affection; to theſe the number of the different powers of the ſoul is reduced.

When we conſider the mutual dependence and combination of theſe different powers, we perceive every production of genius, every prodigy of the paſſions, all the ſurpriſing phenomena of the human mind, to be produced by their combination.

Admirable harmony! where ſo ſmall a number of ſimple cauſes are ſo incomprehenſibly united, as to produce ſo many effects, and effects ſo greatly ſurpriſing.

The different faculties and various ſentiments immediately received by the ſoul from nature being diſcovered, I now proceed to examine theſe faculties, ſee how they operate, and how they combine.

OF SENSIBILITY.

The nature of the ſenſibility of the ſoul is not better known than that of the body: all our knowledge of it is, that ſenſibility both in the ſoul and body is a paſſive faculty, requiring the impreſſion of external objects to ſet it in action.

The different impreſſions ſenſibility receives may be ranged, in reſpect to the nature of their objects, into two claſſes, ſenſations and ſentiments.

The

The firſt ariſe from material objects, the latter from moral ones. Theſe are the relations of beings as diſtinguiſhed by the underſtanding. Thoſe the phyſical relations of material objects to the organs of ſenſe, tranſmitted to the ſoul by the fluid of the nerves.

OF INSTINCT.

Inſtinct, occult faculty, without principle, without knowledge, the mode of whoſe operations is ſo ſingular, and beſides intirely accompliſhed by nature, intereſts us but very little. The notice I ſhall take of it as I proceed, will therefore be very inconſiderable.

OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

All our knowledge of the underſtanding is that of its operations only; we are ignorant of its eſſence, as we are of that of the thought. But how great this faculty! how ſurpriſing its operations! an active principle, it perceives objects, compares, unites and disjoins them in a thouſand manners, and pronounces on their relations: by theſe different combinations it acquires the knowledge of things, unravels the ſyſtem of the univerſe, tranſports us into futurity, brings to our times paſt ages,

ages, collects into one point all the pleaſures of life, extends our exiſtence beyond the grave, and triumphs over death itſelf.

The underſtanding, though active by nature, has undoubtedly occaſion of the ſenſations to commence its action, but operates of itſelf when this aſſiſtance is received; the will determines the objects, but the underſtanding only perceiveth them, pronounces on their relations, and forms its judgment without our interpoſition.

There are two powers of the underſtanding (equally active, but entirely different,) which philoſophers have ever confounded *, I mean the power of perceiving objects, of conſidering and comparing them, and the power of pronouncing on their relations. One ſerves as the baſis of the other, and neceſſarily precedes it: by the firſt, we compare the different ſenſations in their ſeveral appearances; by the ſecond, we pronounce on their relations, and thence form our ideas.

We diſtinguiſh likewiſe in the underſtanding too different operations in reſpect to their objects, which philoſophers have taken, for I know not what cauſe, as two

* The underſtanding operates with ſo great activity in certain caſes, and the judgments follow ſo extremely cloſe in others, that they are eaſily confounded.

different faculties of the ſoul; to wit, *reaſon* and *imagination*.

When the faculty of thinking is exerciſed in comparing ſenſations, which are either immediately received, or tranſmitted from the memory, and when it pronounces on their real relations, it is called *reaſon*. When this ſame faculty is exerciſed on the ſame objects differently combined, when it forms ſuch a combination of ideas as has no ſimilitude in nature, it is called *imagination*.

It was reaſon that gave thoſe elegant characters of men we find in *Shakeſpeare*. It was imagination that aſſembled all the agreeable of nature on one part, and all the horrible on the other, to form the deſcriptions of Elyſium and Tartarus in *Virgil*.

How different ſoever theſe operations may appear, they are certainly only the produce of the ſame faculty. In regarding them but for a moment as different faculties, we may reproach thoſe who have hitherto treated upon this ſubject, with not having truly diſtinguiſhed them, and with not having truly defined their extent.

Even *Helvetius*, who particularly treated this ſubject, has too much reſtrained the imagination, defining it the faculty of conceiving of things in a figurative manner, and

and of rendering the ideas by images. If the imagination gives being to the ſphynx, if it creates the gardens of Heſperides, or the inchanted iſle of Armida, it is the ſame faculty that, with atoms, right lines, curves and cubes, builds the worlds of *Epicurus* and *Des Cartes*. It is the imagination which, in romance, aſſembles the different events of human life, combines them, forms intrigues, ſuch as the paſſions may produce and repreſent them as true hiſtory, when they are only the work of genius and the heart. It is imagination that darts into futurity, prevents the rapid flight of time, tranſports us beyond the grave, and gives ſenſibility to our aſhes, ſpite of the ravages of death.

The characteriſtic of the imagination is to invent; I have ſaid, its productions are not to be formed upon any model in nature, this model may indeed exiſt, but it muſt not be known, otherwiſe there is no invention, the whole is no more than ſimple narration; the picture becomes a copy, the romance hiſtory, and imagination reaſon.

THE FORMATION OF OUR IDEAS.

We diſtinguiſh different objects by their reſpective ſenſations. When we compare

theſe different objects, we find in them ſome common properties, and ſome that are peculiar to them. The knowledge of the properties and relations common to different individuals, we denominate *ideas*.

Such is the idea of extenſion, impenetrability, gravity, properties common to all matter; ſuch is the idea of a triangle, taken from the union of three right lines at their extremities.

The more conſiderable is the number of individuals, whoſe properties are common, the more extenſive is the idea; that of bodies, for inſtance, is much more ſo than that of metals.

Every idea is particular, but none individual; that is, there is no ſimple idea of any individual: there is not a ſimple idea of ſpecies or kind, every idea being formed of that only which objects when compared have in common; as every individual, every ſpecies, every kind, beſides the properties common to it, have many peculiar. What metaphyſicians have given us for ſuch, even Locke himſelf, is only a compound of abſtract ideas. It is eaſy to be aſſured of this; analyſe their definitions, however great is the number of ideas entering therein, you will oftentimes find it too ſmall to deſign the object they intend, as

in

in the ideas of man, animal, virtue, plants, &c.

Hence ſpring thoſe eternal diſputes, of which almoſt every metaphyſical ſubject is ſuſceptible, and to which they have ſo frequently ſubſided. Hence ſpring the many abſurd concluſions authorized by the ſyſtem of philoſophers: examine their definitions, you will find the man who was virtuous in *Socrates'* opinion, not to be ſo in *Diogenes'*; and he that was a man to *Ariſtotle*, was not ſo to *Plato*. What ſeems to have led metaphyſicians into this error was, that, as the ſeveral properties of bodies appearing always together in the ſame individual conſtantly the ſame, and never diſunited, they judged that all appertained to the ſame ſubject, and giving a name to this ſubject they regarded the aſſemblage of all theſe qualities, not as a compound idea as it really was, but as a ſingle and ſimple idea.

Although every idea may be equally abſtract, all are not of the ſame nature. Some, which are formed from the relations of corporeal beings compared one to another, have material properties only for their objects; ſuch are the ideas of extenſion, burning, hardneſs, motion, &c.

Others, which are formed from the relations of ſentient, active and intelligent beings compared one to another, have in-

tellectual properties only for their objects; ſuch are the ideas of goodneſs, juſtice, beauty, &c.

The former are denominated *phyſical ideas*, the latter *moral*; by the firſt we acquire the knowledge of the material world; by the laſt are tranſported to the inviſible and have the knowledge of the world of ſpirits *.

OF MEMORY.

How many words! how many facts! how many volumes in the head of a ſingle man! of a man that underſtands many languages, and is converſant with hiſtory and chronology. But what is memory, the vaſt receptacle of ſo many ſenſations, ſo many ideas; where ſo many acquired things are depoſited, where events abſorbed by time,

* The view of nature varies with our different modes of thinking; to the ignorant and atheiſt all is dead, and the univerſe replete with only corporeal beings: how different to the religious and the learned! to theſe the entire world aſſumes a new face, they perceive in all things the beneficent hand of Providence, they diſcover the Creator's goodneſs in every production of the earth, their table is ſpread with his bounty, they repoſe under his protection, are inſtructed by his chaſtiſements, and enjoy every pleaſure as from his hands; they diſcover in every part around them, the goodneſs of the author of being, and nature to them univerſally teems with life.

and

and ordained never to return, are preſerved from the eternal night of Oblivion; where the times which are no more, enjoy a kind of perpetuity? A new prodigy! admirable as the underſtanding, and of nature and origin equally unknown.

Memory has for its baſis the ſenſations and ideas, but is itſelf neither ſenſibility nor judgment. Without ſenſibility there can be no ſenſations, without judgment no ideas; but when the ſenſations are once received, and the ideas are once formed, the ſoul certainly requires not the aid of theſe faculties to retain them. Hence memory is a particular faculty; it is the power of preſerving the impreſſion and idea of objects which have affected us, in a word, the table of paſt ſenſations, paſt ideas, and of paſt ſentiments, as ſenſibility is the table of preſent ſenſations and preſent ſentiments.

OF REMEMBRANCE AND RECOLLECTION.

Philoſophers have fallen into as groſs errors in regard to the memory, as they have in regard to the underſtanding.

Locke, the firſt rational metaphyſician, (he who reſcued the ſcience from that chaos of obſcurity in which it was involved by the ſchools,) has defined memory, "the "power to revive again in our minds thoſe

" ideas which, after imprinting, have diſ-
" appeared, or have been laid aſide out of
" ſight." His followers have fallen into the ſame error. Some moderns, who obſerved it to be poſſible to remember an idea without having the power of recollecting it, have with reaſon ſuppoſed Locke to have erred. They diſtinguiſhed in the ſoul memory, remembrance, recollection, and have of theſe formed particular faculties, in which they in their turn are miſtaken. For if we carefully reflect on the mutual connection of our faculties, we eaſily perceive, that remembrance and recollection are only effects of our different intellectual powers reciprocally united.

The ſoul is affected with ſenſations and ideas; the retention of theſe ſenſations and ideas I call *memory*.

We frequently experience the ſame ſenſations and ideas which we have experienced before; the re-production of theſe ſenſations and ideas, with a ſenſe of their identity, is *remembrance*.

We can aſſemble at will a ſeries of paſt ideas and of paſt ſenſations; this faculty is termed *recollection*.

Memory is a faculty purely paſſive as ſenſibility, but the remembering of particular ſenſations or particular ideas, is not ſimply the perceiving our ſenſations preſent

and

and paſt, but the knowing that the ſenſation or idea which we actually experience, to be the ſame we had experienced before.

The memory has the faculty of retaining things with which we have been once affected, ſenſibility thoſe which do affect us; one is the index of things paſt, the other of things preſent: but it is the underſtanding only, that has the power to perceive them in thoſe indexes of things paſt and preſent, to conſider, compare and acknowledge them, if ſimply re-produced or really new; in a word, it is the underſtanding only which has the ſenſe of their identity. Hence we perceive that the rememberance is not a ſimple faculty, but the compound of memory, ſenſibility and underſtanding.

In recollection likewiſe, it is not the memory that retraces paſt ſenſations and paſt ideas in our minds: from the little we can attend to what is paſſing within us during the ſucceſſion of our thoughts, we may be convinced that the underſtanding only, (inceſſantly actuated with ſome ſenſation, with ſome idea,) paſſes from thoſe with which it is actually affected, to the analogous ſenſations and ideas which have already affected it, and recollect in the mind things paſt by analogy. Thus, when we chuſe to recollect any ſenſations or ideas,

ideas, we perceive them about to offer, when the mind runs over the neareſt analogies.

If this power to render preſent in the mind the ſenſations and ideas treaſured up in the memory, act ſometimes without our interpoſition, it is ſometimes ſubject to the will. Recollection is not therefore a ſimple faculty, but the aggregate of many united. In rememberance, memory is combined with the underſtanding and preſent ſenſations; in recollection, with the underſtanding and the will, but without theſe ſenſations. It is thus, theſe different faculties jointly produce rememberance and recollection.

OF WILL.

What is the will? Singular faculty! ſometimes directed by the underſtanding, and ever ſwayed by the ſentiment, it vehemently inclines to pleaſure, and flies from pain; of the good and evil, which the underſtanding preſents to it, chooſes ſome, rejects the other, and imperiouſly determines whether man ſhall be in motion or at reſt. We are acquainted with the nature of the will by the ſentiment only and its effects; how much ſoever we attempt to penetrate farther into its nature, whatever ſagacity we may poſſeſs, our efforts ſerve only

only to involve us in darkneſs and confuſion.

The will, conſidered in its effects, is a faculty ſometimes active, ſometimes paſſive. Active when it impells man to act; paſſive when ſwayed by the ſentiment.

The will is always ſubordinate to the ſentiment; for man by nature is inceſſantly ſubject to ſenſibility, and is no more at liberty to reſiſt or withdraw from it, than to will his own evil and oppoſe his own good.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DIFFERENT SENTIMENTS OF THE SOUL.

The love of happineſs is innate in every heart, as is the love of ſelf, from which it is derived.

Every man has love for himſelf; but nature, by making him ſubject to wants, has not given him the power of loving himſelf alone. All his ſenſibility therefore cannot be comprehended within himſelf; there are ſome things in nature to which the heart is connected. Man is formed different from the Gods, he is not to be happy like them in the contemplation of himſelf, nor can he be happy without the aſſiſtance of others. That extreme anguiſh we ſuffer from the loſs of a friend that

was

was dear to us, ſprings only from a vacuity of the heart; reaſon diſcovers this vacuity, and till ſome new object ariſes to poſſeſs it, our anguiſh continues.

Senſible beings can be affected only by pleaſure and pain. The ſoul therefore receives only two kinds of ſenſations, the pleaſing and the painful; theſe two are differently modified, but ever diſtinguiſhed by two general characters only. There are no indifferent ſenſations; thoſe which are ſo called are but the loweſt degradations of the pleaſing and painful, too weak to influence the ſoul and determine its action. But as man is a compound of two ſenſible ſubſtances, and as each of theſe ſubſtances has its particular object, there are two kinds of pleaſing ſenſations and two kinds of painful, to wit, the ſenſations of the body, and the ſenſations of the ſoul.

The impreſſions of objects on the ſenſes are tranſmitted to the ſoul, and there the ſenſations unite; hence the pleaſures and the pains of the body become common to the ſoul; the ſoul likewiſe has thoſe which are peculiar to it.

Thus every good and every evil in life is received by the ſoul from two different ſources, objects moral and phyſical. Man therefore experiences corporeal pleaſures and intellectual; theſe are called pleaſures

of

of the mind, thoſe pleaſures of the body: there is the ſame diviſion of pain: an aſſemblage happy, and an aſſemblage ſad; this produces the miſery, that the happineſs of life, and both conſtitute the principle of all our actions.

Let us be careful to diſtinguiſh ſentiment from ſenſation. *Senſation* is a pleaſing or painful affection of the ſoul, produced by the impreſſion of objects on the ſenſes, or on the mind. *Sentiment* is a ſtrong affection of the ſoul, produced by the relation which the underſtanding perceives between us and objects phyſical or moral.

Every object that affects us, if its ſenſation be pleaſing, inſtantly creates in the ſoul a ſentiment of *love* for it; or a ſentiment of *hatred*, if its ſenſation be the reverſe: for it is a conſequence of the love of ſelf, to love that which is of benefit to us, and to deteſt that which is prejudicial.

From theſe ſentiments of love and hatred combined with our different poſitions in regard to the objects of our ſenſations, ariſe many others. When we are agreeably affected by any object, which we may enjoy at will, a ſudden pleaſing calm creeps on our ſenſes, our wiſhes are gratified, the ſoul ſubſides to *joy*, and is impervious to every other ſentiment. But if this object be not in our poſſeſſion, its privation excites in

the ſoul an earneſt *deſire* of it. On the contrary, if the ſenſation be diſagreeable, and we cannot avoid the impreſſion of its object, we experience neither joy nor deſire; ſentiments of *grief* and *averſion* take full poſſeſſion of our hearts.

From our different poſition in regard to different objects, ariſe two other emotions; *hope*, delightful ſentiment which enables us to ſupport the load of life, when under the oppreſſion of misfortunes, and *fear*, which has been oftentimes known to ſhorten the duration of it.

Hope and fear are affections of the ſoul analogous to joy and ſadneſs; and, as it were, the degradations of theſe affections. Joy and ſadneſs are ſentiments extremely active; the one ſprings from the pleaſure of enjoyment, the other from the pain of ſufferings. Hope and fear are moderate ſentiments, this of ſadneſs, that of joy. The firſt ſprings from the probability of being happy, the other from the probability of being miſerable: their force is ever proportionate to the number of theſe degrees of probability, ſo that when theſe degrees are ſo multiplied that they draw near to certainty, the difference of theſe ſentiments is imperceptible; hope becomes joy, and fear ſadneſs. Thus joy and hope are in-

ceſſantly the ſmiling companions of pleaſure, whilſt ſadneſs and fear are the gloomy attendants of pain.

I have hitherto treated of the ſentiments ſpringing from the love of ſelf conſidered abſolutely, and have diſplayed their origin; there remain only the ſentiments which ſpring from the love of preference, that is, the love of ſelf conſidered relatively.

I have obſerved that nature has given to man a love for himſelf, which admits of no bounds, and an extreme love for every thing which adminiſters to his happineſs. So far as this love has for its object his perſon, his well-being, his pleaſures without any idea of merit attached to theſe objects, it is then termed *love of preference*; but when any idea of merit is attached to theſe objects, it is then called *ſelf-love*.

Although theſe ſentiments be originally the ſame, they are however different in their effects. The love of preference ſeeks indifferently every kind of pleaſure, and would enjoy them excluſively.

Self-love likewiſe would enjoy excluſive pleaſures, but ſeeks theſe only which attract our regard.

It is the love of preference which excites us to work out our well-being, though to the prejudice of our neighbour. It is ſelf-love which cauſes us to contemplate with pleaſure

pleaſure the privations of others. It is to this, coquets owe the ſecret pleaſure of ſeeing at their feet a crowd of humble admirers, of ſubjecting to their power ſpirits fierce and untractable, of multiplying the number of their conqueſts, and diſplaying their triumphs to envious rivals. It was this that cauſed thoſe auſtere impoſtors, to whom antiquity has given the name of Sages, to deſpiſe vulgar eſteem, inceſſantly purſue the extraordinary, aſpire to divine honours, and affect the power of the Gods. It is this, in ſhort, which will not admit of any ſuperior, excites us to take every method which may exalt us above our fellows, and, when we ſee all beneath us, prompts us to ſigh in ſecret that we are ſo misfortunate as not to be Gods.

From the idea of merit naturally ariſes a ſentiment of *eſteem*, and from the idea of demerit conſtantly ariſes a ſentiment of *contempt*. Such is the origin of our deſires and our paſſions, which when examined appear the produce of ſentiments inſpired by nature, combined with the underſtanding and the will.

OF THE PASSIONS IN PARTICULAR.

Our different ſentiments aſſume different denominations, from the union of their force and duration.

When

When the ſentiments of love and hatred, deſire and averſion, are violent and inceſſantly renewed during a conſiderable time, they are denominated *paſſions*; when they are weak, and of ſhort duration, they are termed *taſtes*.

Cato, through love of his country, ſacrificing his pleaſures, his repoſe, his liberty, and life itſelf—this is a paſſionate man.

We divide the paſſions into the *predominant* and *ſubordinate*. In theſe a ſentiment for ſome time agitates our hearts; in thoſe a ſentiment reigns imperiouſly in the ſoul, and there deſpotically commands every deſire.

What man was more ſenſual, more voluptuous, than *Julius Cæſar*? What man had a paſſion for a greater number of miſtreſſes? Beſide his wives, four of whom he divorced, he intrigued with *Nicomede* queen of *Bythinia*, with *Cleopatra*, with *Eunoe* queen of *Mauritania*, with *Poſthumia* wife of *Servius Sulpitius*, with *Lollia* wife of *Gabinus*, with *Tertullia* wife of *Craſſus*, with *Mutia* wife of *Pompey*, *Servilia* ſiſter to *Cato*, and with others. Pleaſure, however, was not his reigning paſſion. Love, that abſtracted *Marc Antony* from the management of public affairs, never took a moment from *Cæſar*, nor cauſed him to neglect a ſingle opportunity of aggrandizing

his power: ambition was the predominant paſſion of *Cæſar* *!

Every paſſion more or leſs determines the action of men, but the prevailing paſſion becoming the great rule of action, ſtamps a conſtant character upon our conduct. When once miſtreſs of the heart, it impetuouſly tyrannizes there, and impells it always to the purſuit of its object, notwithſtanding every ſubaltern paſſion which may tend to prevent it, as an impetuous wind drives a ſhip to one determined point, and obliges it to continue its courſe, though adverſe gales may oppoſe.

Every paſſion has love or hatred for its origin. Sometimes the paſſions are compoſed of theſe ſentiments only; at other times theſe ſentiments are found united with ſome others, as of fear, hope, eſteem and contempt, relatively to our poſition in regard to the object of our love or hatred, and to the merit of the object to which we compare ourſelves. Such is pride, a paſſion compounded of the ſentiments of love and eſteem for ourſelves excluſively; ſuch is anger, a paſſion compounded of the ſentiment of ſadneſs for our misfortunes, and of hatred for the authors of them.

* Cæſar's extreme deſire of being eminent appeared even in the choice of his miſtreſſes.

The

The ſimple paſſions of hatred and love aſſume different denominations according to their objects. Love becomes avarice, friendſhip, luſt, or ambition, according as it inclines to riches, to a friend, to women, or to honours.

And as every paſſion has ſome object, which it receives either by the ſenſes or from the mind, we again diſtinguiſh them as *ſenſual paſſions* and *fictitious*.

Of the firſt claſs are luſt, gluttony, drunkenneſs; of the laſt, vanity, love of glory, and all thoſe chimeras which opinion denominates bleſſings, and which ſelf-love ſo earneſtly deſires.

He muſt never have reflected on the objects of the paſſions, who is ignorant, that men of good conſtitution agree in the firſt kind of theſe paſſions, but in the other greatly differ. All men love more or leſs good living, women, muſic, odours, painting; but there are ſome without ambition, and others inſenſible to glory. One chiefly eſteems the frivolous advantage of beauty, and conſumes life in applauding his own charms: another enjoys extreme pleaſure in diſplaying his poſſeſſions, contemplates with delight the anguiſh of the envious, and is pleaſed in tormenting thoſe that are jealous of his glory: another is happy only when at leiſure and ſilently contemplating the

wonders of nature. Thus it is that every man forms to himſelf fictitious pleaſures.

He likewiſe muſt never have reflected on the objects of our different affections, who is ignorant that the number of fictitious paſſions greatly ſurpaſſes that of the ſenſual. Theſe are limited to the number of our ſenſes, but thoſe, being produced by opinion, have no bounds; for the mind is inceſſantly active, and ever prompt to invent novelties. The ſenſes continue us attached to the earth, but the imagination tranſports us above it, and is comprehended within no ſpace; having raiſed us above our equals, it exalts us above angels, ſeraphims and gods.

REFUTATION OF A SOPHISM OF HELVETIUS.

Some one has ſaid, that the paſſions are only the voice of the body, and a philoſopher of the preſent age has vainly tortured his underſtanding to explain it.

It is certain that many paſſions belong to the ſenſes by their object; many likewiſe, in appearance, to the ſoul by ſome falſe relations, of which we are ſoon undeceived. But how many are the paſſions which belong only to the mind? How many which have only imaginary objects?

The prizes at the Olimpic games, or of military triumphs, what were they, but the pleaſure which the victor enjoyed in dragging at his car vanquiſhed monarchs loaden with chains, in diſplaying to the aſtoniſhed populace trophies of his valour, and hearing the repeated acclamations of the public? Whence ſpring the charms of love, but from the idea of being beloved by the object of our fires? Senſual love can wiſh only for enjoyment, true love is ſatisfied but with the heart.

Leave to the ſophiſt author *De l'Eſprit* to deduce every paſſion from phyſical ſenſibility, but he never will deduce therefrom the love of glory, that vain incenſe which ignorance and weakneſs offer to power, to valour, to genius, and of which great minds are ſo very avidious.

In order to prove this, I will not ſay, that wit, genius, virtue, the different ways men purſue to attain glory, are not the ways of fortune; I will not ſay, that happy talents are almoſt always objects of envy; nor that, with the generality of mankind, credit is preferred to deſert, that an amiable man, or a dexterous flatterer is careſſed more than the man of genius or the man of virtue. But noble ſouls, ſouls ardent for glory, the ſage and the hero, have been almoſt always found to flouriſh in poor

countries; and if virtue has ever ſhone forth with eclat, it was among thoſe nations that had no other rewards than honours. But among thoſe who have ſought for glory by learning or virtue, how many have reſiſted the temptation of luxury, contracted the ſphere of their wants, inſtead of purſuing the gratification of the ſenſes, or deſiring to be exempt from evils which are the conſtant attendants of poverty? The cynic that rejected the purple and pleaſures of kings, that was content with frugal nouriſhment and the tattered garb of indigence, that rolled himſelf in the ſcorching ſand during the extreme heat of ſummer, and in ſnow during the rigour of winter, that threw away his wooden cup, when he found it poſſible to live without it, certainly did not covet thoſe pleaſures of the ſenſes he ſo greatly deſpiſed: all he wiſhed, was for admiration. How many others, who far from looking for future pleaſures of the ſenſes in the admiration and eſteem of mankind, have even reſigned preſent gratifications for fame?

Heraclitus * reſigned to a brother his crown, that he might apply himſelf the more attentively to ſtudy; he devoted himſelf to a ſtate of pains and diſguſt, which impoſes on the manners extreme conſtraint,

* Tyrant of *Epheſus*.

and

and demands unremitted application; in a word, he left all the pageantry of pomp, all the pleaſures of empire, to live in ſolitude under the laws of rigid frugality. In his eſteem for the ſciences, did he ſeek for the gratification of the ſenſes? What pleaſures can a great reputation promiſe to the ſage, which this prince had not already enjoyed as a king? What ſucceſs could attend his labours, what enjoyment could he promiſe himſelf, which was not infinitely ſurpaſſed by that which he had voluntarily reſigned?

As did *Heraclitus*, ſo the ſon of the tyrant *Miſo* renounced the ſceptre of his father and the delights of empire, that, diſincumbered of public cares, he might retire to ſolitude, and indulge himſelf in meditation. Was voluptuouſneſs his motive to this undertaking? Were the gratifications of the ſenſes, which he had in his power and willingly quitted, what he ſought by numberleſs fatigues in the uncertain title of *ſage?* And what could he poſſeſs more in this title, than he had already enjoyed under that of *monarch?* Where are the charms of phyſical ſenſibility in the auſtere life of *Zeno*, of *Cato*, of *Socrates* and other great ſouls, once inflamed with the love of glory? And what other want than that of fame could any one experience, who was

in poſſeſſion of ſuperfluous riches, exalted to the higheſt degree of human greatneſs by birth, and was deſirous of being learned? If man in poſſeſſion of the purple has no other motive to render himſelf illuſtrious, than the hopes of ſenſual enjoyments, would he not for ever ſleep on the throne? Of what concern to *Cæſar* was the public eſteem? Is there any pleaſure accompanying virtue and knowledge denied to power? To what then ſhall we attribute this avidity of glory which he deſired to poſſeſs after his deceaſe? For what reaſon did *Annibal*, *Alexander*, *Auguſtus*, *Trajan*, *Charles* the Fifth, *Richlieu*, *Chriſtina*, not content with the glory they poſſeſſed as monarchs, as heroes, aſpire to that of authors? Why were they deſirous to ſhade their brows with the laurels of genius? Becauſe they were avidious of honour, and delicate in their choice of eſteem. Though ſurrounded with the glory of a throne, they ſuppoſed themſelves ſtrangers to it, perſuaded that the ſucceſs of military undertakings, and that victories by flattery attributed to the general or the king, depended often on circumſtances of ignorance or cowardice of the enemy; they diſdained a reputation they believed themſelves not to have deſerved; they aſpired to that glory which is founded on perſonal merit, and ſought it in ſcience.

ſcience. Let us then conclude, that ſouls avidious of glory are inflamed with the deſire of pure glory, and that they love eſteem only for its ſake. But why ſeek in times remote for proofs of a truth, of which we have ſo many illuſtrious examples within our notice. Is it not the love of reputation, the deſire of having our names pronounced with an elogium, and to ſee it recorded in the annals of hiſtory, that produce in our times ſo many feats of valour, of conſtancy, and of courage; ſo many heroic and ſurprizing actions? Is it not the love of the Beautiful and Honourable, which forms in the heart of the wiſe an inexhauſtable ſource of delicate ſentiments, and enables him to poſſeſs, amidſt the diſorder and ſubverſion of nature, that joy which no misfortune can remove? Is it not the imagination, that gives us, when in converſe with friendſhip, that delicate enjoyment which is carried to the heart without affecting the ſenſes? Is it not the imagination which produces that enchanting languor, which delicate minds experience in the embraces of love, ſo ſuperior to the tranſports of joy and phrenzy of the ſenſes? Pleaſing deluſions! flattering images! fictitious pleaſures! what man ſo unfavoured by nature, as never to have enjoyed you? What ſoul ſo rude as not to be ſenſible to your

your charms? Even the miſer acknowledges your power; of the fruit which was planted by his hand and foſtered by his care, on the day when it be gathered, does he not invite his friend and importune him to eat?

THE DEGREES OF PHYSICAL SENSIBILITY AND IMAGINARY, EXAMINED COMPARATIVELY.

Man is not only ſenſible to the pleaſures of the imagination, there are not only ſome actions which belong not to phyſical ſenſibility, but the fictitious paſſions can be ſuperior to the ſenſual, and are ſo very often.

Does not the coquette prefer to the pleaſure of enjoyment, the pleaſure of being admired? Does ſhe not rather chuſe to excite the paſſions of her admirers, poſſeſs them with fears, envy, diſquietudes, and triumph over their ardour, than ſubmit to the tender careſſes of a paſſionate lover?

Soldiers ſelected by the general to pierce the battalions of the enemy, inflamed by their predilection, ruſh furiouſly on the arms of their opponents, and to every thing prefer that ſhort moment of glory, which they enjoy in ſight of the army, from the inſtant of quitting their ranks, till they expire by the fire of the enemy.

What

What is not ſacrificed to glory! the ſavages of America ſuffer on the croſs without emitting any cries, without ſhedding any tears, and leſs fear the torments of body, than the imputation of cowardice. Thus did the gladiators, after receiving on the *arena* a mortal wound, view the effuſion of blood with a diſdainful air; thus did they contend with pain, fearing death much leſs than the diſgrace of venting a ſigh or ſhedding a tear; preſerving whilſt dying, theſe graces, that warlike poſture in which they had been formerly inſtructed.

The image of pleaſure is ſweet under whatever form it may appear. The proſpect of a fine country, the coolneſs of a ſtream in the heat of ſummer, the harmonious melody of birds, always produce pleaſure; the ſweet embraces of love ever affect the heart with a gentle delirium: yet none but pleaſures of imagination fire the heart, raviſh the ſoul, and occaſion its tranſports.

Love of glory! fictitious paſſions! pleaſures of imagination! you alone inchant the heart of the man who places his ſupreme felicity in you: you alone make him feel the terrible acceſs of divine phrenzy, and elevate him above the imperfections of humanity: again reſtraining within his heart tears and ſighs, ſeem to diveſt him

of

of ſenſibility amidſt the horrors of torture, and to ſilence the voice of nature itſelf.

OF THE DEVELOPING OF THE FACULTIES OF THE SOUL.

Let the ſoul exiſt (if any one be ſo willing) before the body, to which it is united. Let it poſſeſs at that time even another method of perceiving and underſtanding; yet it is certain that, being once ſubject to the laws of this union, it no longer retains any thing of its former ſtate, not even the remembrance of prior exiſtence.

We diſtinguiſh in the ſoul five faculties, none of which is developed at birth. Senſibility is not, neither is underſtanding, every idea being founded on the ſenſations; the memory and the will do not appear; for to retain the remembrance of things, they muſt have been perceived, and to will, we muſt have perceived, known and remembered. None of theſe faculties has a determinate object, not even inſtinct; for although it be ſufficient to perceive its object ere it inclines towards it, it muſt have perceived it. The ſenſitive principle muſt therefore develope the firſt; but the ſenſibility of the ſoul being a faculty purely paſſive, it would for ever continue inutile,

if

if external objects did not produce their impreſſions by aid of the ſenſes. Deprive the body of theſe organs, form of it an inſenſible machine, conceive the ſoul for ever confined in this machine, inſtantly all theſe faculties are loſt, and the ſoul itſelf is reduced to inſenſibility. The ſenſibility of the ſoul muſt then receive an object from the ſenſes, before it receives an object from the underſtanding; hence it is evident that the ſoul muſt firſt perceive by the body.

Hence though poſſeſſed of the faculty of perceiving, judging, recollecting and chuſing, the ſoul could never perceive, recollect, judge, nor chuſe, unleſs united to an organized and ſenſible body; it would not even have the ſentiment of its own exiſtence, for it is only by reflecting on its ſenſations, that it acquires this ſentiment.

The firſt faculty which developes is ſenſibility, next follows memory, then the underſtanding, afterwards the will. However ſtrange this gradation may appear, ſuch is the order obſerved by nature in developing our faculties.

In regard to the time when this developing is perfected, it varies with the conſtitution of individuals; but this variation is inconſiderable. While the infant is incloſed in the womb, its organs are not in a

ſtate

ſtate to receive a perfect ſenſation; beſides, in the circumambient fluid, it cannot receive any ſenſation; it not even perceives this fluid, as we do not that of the air when calm, ſerene, and of equal temperature. But in a few days after birth, its ſenſes are in a ſtate to receive the impreſſion of objects; the ſenſative principle then developes and enters upon action. The ſenſitive faculty is ſoon ſucceeded by that of the memory; the underſtanding preſently follows; the infant compares its ſenſations as ſoon as it acquires the uſe of its ſenſes, and in a ſhort time is able to diſtinguiſh them. All this is done in about forty days, the infant already knoweth its nurſe. The unfolding of the will immediately ſucceeds, for it is not long ere the infant can diſtinguiſh the difference of the objects of its ſenſations, and to know pleaſure and pain: from this inſtant the innate deſire of happineſs has its determinate object, and the will purſues ſome known good. Thus all the faculties of man are rendered active a ſhort time after birth; but there revolves a conſiderable ſpace before they are perfectly developed. The infant has at firſt only particular ſenſations, objects appear unconnected, and it diſtinguiſhes them only by their different ſenſations: when the number of theſe ſenſations are multiplied, the child compares

compares them, perceives their identity and difference, begins to arrange them in certain claſſes according to analogy, and to form ideas.

When man firſt perceives the relations of objects, intellectual ſenſibility commences its exerciſe.

I have diſtinguiſhed the operations of the underſtanding into reaſon and imagination; by the firſt, the ſoul perceives the real relations of objects; by the laſt, the ſoul invents chimerical ones. Theſe different operations require very different qualities in him who judges. To pronounce on real relations, the examination of objects is ſufficient, the mind naturally pronounces of itſelf; but to invent relations, ſuch as are directed to ſome end *, a great number of things muſt be firſt known; we muſt then enter into ourſelves, and ſilently combine them in many different manners; as this requires reflection, it is unfeaſible in the early parts of life, in an age entirely reſigned to phyſical ſenſibility and to ſleep. The imagination muſt not therefore be developed very early in life, and a yet longer ſpace muſt elapſe before any moral ideas can be acquired.

Every relation perceived between different objects forms an idea; every idea is an

* I here mean regular invention.

abſtract

abſtract ſenſation, but every kind of ideas is not equally acquired.

The firſt which offer to the mind are thoſe that have for their object the phyſical relations of beings; afterwards thoſe whoſe object is moral relations, ſo difficult for mature age to acquire, and impoſſible for infancy, although it gives many apparent ſigns of it *.

But I apprehend ſo far to be ſufficient on this article. Let us now follow the ſoul in the exerciſe of its faculties.

OF THE EXERCISE OF THE FACULTIES OF THE SOUL.

Each of theſe faculties has its ſeparate functions, but they cannot act ſeparately; for to produce thoughts, deſires, paſſions, they muſt unite, and act in concert. Thus all the powers of the ſoul are concatenated when they act, that their operations may be produced by their combination. It is of conſequence that the point which ſeparates the work of our different intellectual

* When children are cauſeleſsly beaten or wantonly deprived of their toys, it is not from any ſentiment of the injuſtice done them that they cry, but from a painful ſenſation excited by the blows, from the chagrin of being deprived of their pleaſures, and from the ſenſe of being debarred their amuſements.

faculties

faculties in their action be exactly defined; this no one has hitherto done.

Although the developing of the faculties of the soul constantly require the assistance of the senses, yet when the sensations are received, these faculties can perfect the whole without their concurrence. Observe those who walk whilst in deep sleep, they arise from their beds, they go and return, traverse different apartments, act, stand in the attitude of reflection, and concern themselves in their affairs the same as when awake. All the faculties of the soul are at that time in action, memory, judgment, sensibility, will, all but the organs of sense; such persons being without any knowledge of their actual situation, and inscious of the danger that attends them. During the whole time, the soul seems to be detached from the body, and man appears as an automaton in motion *.

Although the soul has in itself the power of thinking, it nevertheless does not always think. How many are the moments of life when the mind is entirely resigned to sensibility, and all the other faculties are suspended? Upon hearing dreadful news

* It may be here observed, that this power of the soul to detach itself from the senses, proves it to be distinct from the body, much better than the unintelligible jargon of metaphysicians.

the blood chills, the heart violently contracts, reaſon is extinct, and the ſoul flies within itſelf, ſenſible of only its calamity. In agonizing pain, we feel but the weight of our evils. Hence ſome moments there are, in which the ſoul does not think, and theſe are ſufficiently long. Have you never obſerved the ſurprize of a clown, when firſt introduced into a theatre; at the riſing of the curtain, ſtruck with the wonders which preſent themſelves to his ſight, abſorbed by objects ſo uncommon, and as if loſt to himſelf in that enchanted dwelling, he makes no reflection, is wholly employed in contemplating the ſcene, and all his ſoul in his eyes.

We are likewiſe able to ſuſpend the activity of the judgment, and cauſe ſenſibility to reign alone. A lover of harmony or eloquence, upon hearing a beautiful paſſage or pathetic deſcription, flies within himſelf, conſtrains his ſenſes, and is concentrated in his ſenſibility. Does not an enthuſiaſt, in the heat of devotion, ſometimes ſuſpend the activity of his judgment to indulge himſelf in the enjoyment of a temporary ſentiment that charms him? Where is the man, who has acquired an habit of thinking, that is not by his own experience convinced of this truth?

Senſibility

Senſibility alone can poſſeſs the ſoul entire, never the underſtanding; for, that the underſtanding may judge, there muſt be at leaſt two ſenſations preſent in the mind, the ſubject and the attribute *. The underſtanding and ſenſibility are then united into one ſingle act in our judgments. Memory is adjoined thereto very often; for the underſtanding pronounces equally on paſt and preſent ſenſations.

The memory cannot at any time operate alone, for all things being diſpoſed in this receptacle are as if non-exiſtent, till the underſtanding recalls them to the mind; this faculty therefore always requires in its operations the concurrence of the underſtanding.

Finally, the will is often directed by the underſtanding, and always requires an object from ſenſibility or the memory, for it cannot act unleſs one of theſe faculties concur.

* It ſometimes happens that the ſubject is not a body, as in this propoſition *God is juſt*; but we never repreſent a ſpirit, otherwiſe than in a corporeal form, or rather, we never repreſent it at all. The attribute is almoſt always a ſenſation, as in thoſe abſtract ideas, warm, hard, great, good, fine. This is ſo true that we cannot form any notion of extenſion, gravity, beauty, and ſeveral other abſtract ideas, but by referring man to his ſenſes. Every idea of this kind is therefore, properly ſpeaking, an abſtract ſenſation.

OF THE EXERCISE OF SENSIBILITY.

Senſibility can not only occupy the ſoul entire, and not only at all times concurs to the operations of the mind, but is inceſſantly in action. So long as the ſoul is united to the body, it is continually affected with ſome ſenſation, ſome new ſentiment or one re-produced. We may eaſily be convinced of this, by obſerving what paſſes with ourſelves.

The ſoul may be at one time affected with many different ſenſations; becauſe many ſenſes can be affected at one time, and one ſenſe be affected many ways at the ſame time.

The number of theſe different ſenſations is very great, it is not poſſible to determine where it ends; as it is impoſſible to fix the number of different ſenſations with which the ſoul may be affected without confuſion at the ſame time: but the number of different ſenſations with which the ſoul may be affected without confuſion at the ſame time, is much more reſtrained. Upon hearing a very complex ſymphony, the ear is affected by every ſound of the ſeveral inſtruments, but nevertheleſs does not diſtinguiſh them. However ſome can diſtin-

guiſh more, others leſs *. But whatever this number may be, as the ſoul can diſtinguiſh the different ſenſations which affect it at the ſame time, they muſt not be very lively, for if among theſe ſenſations there be one much ſtronger than the others, it weakens them to ſuch a degree as to render them nearly extinct, and this with ſo much the more energy as it is the more ſtrong. There is likewiſe in ſenſations a degree of force which abſorbs all our ſenſibility, as if in theſe moments the heart could not divide itſelf. It is thus whilſt in the arms of a beloved miſtreſs, ſucceſſively ariſe ſo many agreeable ſenſations; but in that happy moment which is the *acme* of our pleaſures, of the delights which ſurround us, the ſoul is ſenſible only to the moſt ecſtatic, to the prolific fluid as it is diſcharged through the numerous circumvolutions of its veſſels.

When the ſoul is reſigned to any ſtrong ſenſation, it continues in that ſtate until this impreſſion inſenſibly decaying ſhall be perfectly extinct, or a ſenſation yet more ſtrong ſhall take place.

* I have ſeen in London a young performer on the harpſichord, that could diſtinguiſh the different tones of the ſtrings vibrating together, when any one applied the hand to the keys of piano forte, or any other inſtrument of the kind.

The ſoul cannot be affected by many ſentiments at a time, as it is by many ſenſations; for the ſenſes, which communicate the impreſſions of objects to the ſoul are many, whilſt the underſtanding, which diſcovers their relations, is but one. Beſides it has been proved, that ſentiments ariſe in the ſoul by the relations which man perceives between himſelf and other beings. The ſenſes may be likewiſe affected many ways at the ſame time, whilſt the underſtanding can fix on one relation only, as I ſhall hereafter prove. There is not therefore at one time, but one ſentiment in the ſoul, although it appears to be affected with a thouſand emotions at once. But as this operation of the underſtanding is performed with inconceivable velocity, theſe ſentiments ariſe and are ſucceeded with ſuch rapidity, that it is often impoſſible to diſtinguiſh the infinitely ſmall interval ſeparating them, whatever attention we may give to what is at that time tranſacting in the mind.

Such is the reaſon why a thouſand ſad and agreeable ſentiments ſeem to ſhare the ſoul, and why we ſuppoſe it to be at once diſtracted with pain and tranſported with joy.

However impoſſible it may be to diſtinguiſh by the internal feeling the interval

ſeparating

separating these successive emotions, it is more so to distinguish them by their external signs; because the impressions of the sentiments made on the corporeal organs are much more durable than those on the soul. Hence when the soul is successively resigned to impetuous motions which rapidly succeed each other, their different impressions on the body continue together. The misfortunate father, who conducts to the altar of death his only son, at the very time when the fear of the Gods arms his hand, and he applies the knife to the bosom of his child, paternal affection arrests him, suspends the stroke, and he dissolves into tears.

If the succession of the sentiments of the soul be often imperceptible, it nevertheless may sometimes be perceived. There are but few accustomed to self-examination, who have not observed how, in the agitations of the mind, a sentiment arising often times destroys that which preceded it, how they are successively defaced in a disturbed mind, yet arise instantly after; and how the soul, being unsettled, wavers between these different emotions. Thus in a sea agitated by the winds, we observe the waves to break one against the other and be instantly reformed.

In the concourſe of the different ſentiments with which the ſoul is ſucceſſively agitated, as in that of the ſenſations, the ſtrongeſt always weakens the others, conſumes them, and reigns alone in the ſoul.

When the friends of Pompey bewailed his defeat after the horrible ſlaughter of Pharſalia, poſſeſſed with fear at the approach of the Egyptian veſſels, their grief became mute; each one's particular danger prevented his being concerned for the common misfortune, they thought only of encouraging the ſailors, and ſeeking their ſafety by flight: ſoon as their fears were ſubſided, the loſs they had ſuffered again roſe upon their minds, and again they gave vent to their tears. Thus only extreme pleaſure can entirely free the ſoul from profound grief, and only extreme pain can involve in ſadneſs an heart overflowing with joy; every weaker impreſſion glances on the ſoul, but makes no continuance there.

But when theſe ſentiments are of more equal force, the ſoul, as if unfixed and wavering between its different emotions, knows not which to reſolve on; its deſires deſtroy each other; ſcarcely freed from its troubles, it is engaged with them again; this ſtate of indeciſion does not always terminate to the advantage of the moſt active

ſentiment,

ſentiment. After long conteſt, the ſoul fatigued with its own efforts gradually loſes ſenſibility with its ſtrength, and finally yields to the laſt impreſſion, which remains maſter of the field.

There is this difference between the ſucceſſion of ſenſations and that of ſentiments; in the ſucceſſion of new ſenſations, only the ſenſibility of the ſoul and the organs of ſenſe are in action; but in that of the ſentiments, ſenſibility, underſtanding and memory. For the underſtanding, by the aſſiſtance of analogous ſenſations, furniſhed by the ſenſes or by the memory, cauſes our ſentiments to ariſe, and promotes their ſucceſſion. When the ſenſations which thus ſucceed each other, inſtead of being immediately produced by the ſenſes are only renewed, the ſame faculties are in action as in that of the ſentiments.

The duration of ſentiments is very long when theſe emotions are ſtrong, and extremely ſhort when they are weak; but in general it is not ſo much reſtrained as that of ſenſations. The ebullition of anger, the tranſports of rage, are of longer duration than the ſtrongeſt impreſſion of objects on our organs *. Much more ſo, that baſe and

* We muſt not rank as ſenſations, thoſe which are produced by ſome diſarrangement of the organs, or thoſe which are inceſſantly repeated by new impreſſions, as the pain attending a wound.

ſordid

ſordid ſentiment—avarice, which night and day unremittedly ſways the ſoul, over which it preſides; and jealouſy, tyrannical ſentiment, the conſtant companion of ſuſpicion, every where purſues the wretch it beſets, preſents to him the idea of diſhonour even when in the arms of his miſtreſs, and loads him with inquietudes when the ſenſes are cloſed in ſleep.

OF THE EXERCISE OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

Let us here exactly diſtinguiſh what is peculiar to the underſtanding in exerciſe, from that which is peculiar to the other faculties. Thinking is a property of the underſtanding, but the underſtanding alone is not ſufficient to produce it. To judge is to pronounce on the relations of things; and as we pronounce readily on abſent objects, and in thoſe which are preſent, ſenſibility and memory therefore are combined with the underſtanding in forming our judgments, as has been already obſerved; in theſe two faculties the underſtanding perceives objects as we perceive ourſelves in a glaſs, if I may be allowed to make ſo imperfect a compariſon.

Our judgments are oftentimes formed without our concurrence, and ſometimes notwithſtanding all our efforts to the contrary;

trary; in such cases the will has no share. But if the thought sometimes take place without the concurrence of the will, at other times the will combines with sensibility and memory in the exercise of the understanding; for the understanding is a faculty, whose exercise we can suspend and dispose of as we please. We can at will apply the soul to the consideration of external objects, and afterwards concentrate ourselves within the mind in order to compare and combine them in different manners at pleasure, and pronounce on their relations. The exercise of the understanding is then voluntary and involuntary. I have distinguished in the understanding two different powers, that of perceiving objects, of examining their different appearances, and that of pronouncing on their relations. It is the first only of these powers, which combines with the will; for we cannot refrain from pronouncing upon any relation presenting itself to the mind. If it appear at times that we can forbear to judge, it is by prolonging the exercise of this former power, without which there can be no judgment, and not by employing the other.

The voluntary use of this power constitutes attention; for the attentive consideration of an object, what is it, but the fixing this

this intellectual faculty on the impreſſion of this object, communicated to the ſoul by the organs of ſenſe or preſerved by the memory?

To compare is to apply at will the underſtanding to any object; yet it is not always the will alone that determines at pleaſure the underſtanding to any object, but the will guided by the underſtanding; by this power which it poſſeſſes of knowing their relations, by this power of perceiving the courſe, the mind muſt take to arrive at ſuch a point in the knowledge of the relations ſought. Hence if the power which the underſtanding poſſeſſes of comparing and combining objects, be abſolutely neceſſary to the formation of our judgments, the power of pronouncing on the relations of objects, is abſolutely neceſſary to the exerciſe of the firſt of theſe powers, they therefore reciprocally concur to produce the ſame effect.

As we are able to perceive a certain number of ſenſations at once, attention may likewiſe be given to a certain number of objects; but the more ſmall this number of objects may be, *cæteris paribus*, the more ſtrong is the attention, and *vice verſa*. This is evident in abſence of mind, but much more ſo in the catalepſy, in which the ſoul being entirely ingroſſed by pro-

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found thought, appears to have no communication with the body.

Undoubtedly the force of attention depends on the number of objects which the underſtanding conſiders at once; yet it likewiſe depends on the force of the will; for the will is ſuſceptible of different degrees of intenſion, as are the motives determining it. We can at will make efforts more or leſs violent; to conſider an object, we can weaken attention or augment it to that degree, that it ſhall appear in entire poſſeſſion of the ſoul.

Some perſons, like the prieſt of Calames *, are ſo affected at will, as to become inſenſible of what happens to the body.

The faculty of judging is natural to the ſoul, but is free only when ſenſibility is not affected by any object foreign to theſe of our judgments. Strong ſenſations always diſturb the exerciſe of thinking; when extremely ſo, they deſtroy meditation. In this laſt caſe there is no judgment; becauſe the mind is entirely ſubdued by a new object: in the firſt caſe there is a judgment, but an erroneous one. Theſe ſtrange ſenſations, not having ſufficient force entirely to engage the attention, divide it; being thus obliged to give it to different objects, the mind cannot ſufficiently conſider thoſe

* See Auguſtinus de Civitate Dei, lib. xiv. cap. 24.

on

on which it is to pronounce, it confounds them and forms falſe and abſurd judgements. This is very apparent in perſons agitated by paſſion. Amidſt their emotions, the ſoul cannot determine itſelf wiſely; it ſometimes forms a thouſand weak reſolutions, a thouſand extravagant projects, and is unreſolved which to prefer: at other times, full of the object agitating it, confounds every thing in its judgments with this object, and no longer attends to the voice of reaſon. This is the cauſe why profound meditation takes place only in a calm of the paſſions, in ſilence and in ſolitude.

The exerciſe of the underſtanding is either reſtrained or interrupted when ſenſibility is ſtrongly affected; and, by a phenomenon very ſingular, when the underſtanding is cloſely engaged, the impreſſions of external objects upon the ſenſes appear weakened; ſometimes null, as we obſerve in abſent perſons *, thoſe who walk in their ſleep and cataleptics. Hence if our thoughts be not perfectly free but when ſenſibility is not divided between ſenſations foreign to thoſe which are the objects of

* This is the reaſon why an abſent perſon ſometimes looks for his ſpectacles, and has them upon his noſe, and why cataleptics have no knowlege of what is acting about them.

our

our judgments; the sensations are not in their turn so strong as they can be, but when the understanding is inactive. It is not that the exercise of this faculty interrupts the commerce of the soul with the body as some have supposed; the understanding neither adds to nor takes from the force of these sensations, they remain perpetually the same; it is because we judge not but when the understanding has considered the objects on which it is to pronounce, that is, because there is no judgement formed without attention. The impressions of objects on our organs, and even the sensations renewed by the memory, being of no effect to the soul without attention, it therefore appears that the soul cannot be attentive to sensations from without, when it is engaged in profound meditation.

There may be many sensations in the soul at one time, but never more than one judgment, the faculty of judging not being divisible as is that of perceiving. It is in sensibility and in the memory that the understanding perceives the objects of its judgments, the number of these objects may be as extensive as that of the different sensations, which the soul can receive at the same time. The mind may very easily perceive all these objects at once, but to

pronounce on their relations, it muſt compare them, examine them ſucceſſively in one determinate point of view, and reduce them to a fixed rule: now the mind can examine objects, but in one point of view at a time. Thus the underſtanding can at the ſame time perceive only one of their relations, and there can be only one judgement at a time in the ſoul.

OF THE NATURAL SUCCESSION OF OUR IDEAS.

As the underſtanding is combined with the will in its operations, the ſoul therefore can transfer at pleaſure the thought to different objects, without any concatenation of ideas, forming what we may term Detached Judgment; but this is not the order which the mind purſues in thinking, when abandoned to itſelf.

When we reflect on the almoſt imperceptible connection of our ideas in their ſucceſſion, by attending to their concatenation, to the manner how the ſecond is adjoined to the firſt, and is connected to the third, we diſtinctly perceive that the natural ſucceſſion of our ideas ever proceeds by analogy. If when alone walking in the fields, a ſound much reſembling the voice of a friend ſtrikes upon the ear, a colour like

like that of his coat preſents itſelf to the ſight, his image immediately ariſes in the mind, ſome peculiarity is remembered, and we re-trace paſt converſations.

Thoſe relations, thoſe analogies, which conſtitute the chain of our thoughts, are not always perceived, and are oftentimes with the greateſt difficulty diſcovered: but they rarely eſcape us, if we reflect and ſilently obſerve the operation of the underſtanding. I have frequently examined myſelf on this article, and have, if I may be indulged the expreſſion, catched the ſoul in the fact, in the relations which combine my ideas. Hence it is evident, that the mind proceeds only by analogies: when involved in profound meditation, or abandoned to itſelf, it never appears to ſtart from thought to thought, it never paſſes from ſubject to ſubject, however unequal, however unconnected its thoughts may appear; ſome relation, whether ſlight or very ſtriking, forms the tranſition, and at all times ſome analogy, whether real or apparent, carries to the mind a new object; if we except that ſingle inſtance, when the ſoul diſtracted from its thoughts by ſome violent and ſudden ſenſation, interrupts the ſucceſſion of ideas. Thus an immenſe chain, the conſtituent links of which have

ſome common relation, ſeems to connect all our ideas.

IN WHAT MANNER THOUGHT BECOMES REASON OR IMAGINATION.

I have ſaid that reaſon pronounces on the real relations of objects, and that imagination invents chimerical ones.

To pronounce on the real relations of objects, theſe objects muſt be inceſſantly preſent in the mind, and ſubject to attentive examination; but attentive examination is not always neceſſary to invention; for in this caſe, it is ſufficient to connect the qualities of one ſubject to thoſe of another, and confound them in the ſame whole. If we attentively purſue the operation of the underſtanding, we ſhall be convinced that thought ever becomes imagination when it ceaſes to be reaſon, and that the point where one concludes the other begins. When attention is diſcontinued, the object that engaged us is no longer fixed, it changes therefore to the firſt ſenſation with which the ſoul is again affected; the mind engaged with this new object combines it with every thing that preſents, as it happens in thoſe indeterminate reveries, into which the ſoul declines after long meditation, or in thoſe gentle dreams which ſucceed

ſucceed toilſome exerciſe. Hence thoſe extravagant fictions, thoſe whimſical ideas, that conſtitute our dreams.

I have ſaid that the object of our thoughts changes with the ſenſation by which the ſoul is firſt affected; but, in defect of the action of external objects on our organs, this ſenſation is almoſt always ſupplied by the ſoul itſelf, carried by a ſecret bias to the object moſt alluring. The imagination is therefore fixed by the paſſion, and the character of its thoughts determined by the nature of the ſentiment affecting us. Whilſt the ſoul is reſigned to any gentle emotion, the mind engages with its pleaſures, and augments them; then returning within itſelf, it ſilently combines this ſentiment with ſome analogous object, and forms therefrom ſimilar ideas;—pleaſing fancies! flattering deluſions! the charms of life, and the prize of our tranſitory felicity! This happens in the delirium of love: during this happy interval a flattering dream deludes us, our minds ever preſent the dear object of our paſſion, repreſent it in all our thoughts, until ſome ſtronger ſenſation, to our regret, diſſolves this delightful reverie, and brings us back to ourſelves *.

* This is the reaſon, why imagination operates never to greater advantage than in ſilence.

I have demonſtrated how judgment becomes reaſon or imagination, according to the manner in which the mind pronounces on the relations of objects, and how it ceaſes to pronouuce on their real relations, when attention is diſcontinued. Hence the underſtanding is ever ſubordinate to the will in reaſon, ſometimes in imagination, and ſometimes free.

FARTHER OBSERVATIONS ON THE EXERCISE OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

OF WISDOM AND FOLLY.

Thinking is a natural faculty of the ſoul, but its natural ſtate is to be without rule, without choice, and without attention: all our judgments are at this time disjoined, and there is no neceſſary connection between the attribute and the ſubject. This is obſerved during ſleep; when the ſenſes are at reſt, the mind ſports with different objects, and forms by an aſſemblage of thoughts thoſe extravagant fictions, which conſtitute our nocturnal illuſions.

When the underſtanding operates in man awake, as in man aſleep, this accidental ſtate becomes permanent, and is termed *folly:* but when our judgments are regular, and there is a connection between the ſubject and attribute, this order of our thoughts

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is called *wiſdom.* What conſtitutes the difference of folly and wiſdom is therefore wholly attention, which is ever apparent in this, but never in the other; for we think without this diſpoſition of the mind, but cannot reflect. If a child that prattles, and an old man that dotes, are both incapable of reaſoning, it is not becauſe they have no ideas, as ſome have imagined, but becauſe they are equally in want of attention: one has never poſſeſſed it, and to the other it is decayed.

The want of attention, the cauſe of folly, is very apparent in thoſe extraordinary perſons who extravagate upon one ſubject only. I have heard ſome, that have diſcourſed with very good ſenſe upon every ſubject, excepting ſome particular one: in ſuch caſes the mind concentrated to the object affecting it admits no other, and taking this object for the ſubject of its judgments, connects to it indiſcriminately every kind of attribute.

The ſame phenomenon likewiſe appears in violent paſſions, which produce a kind of momentary folly. There is another ſpecies of extravagant perſons according to the ſages of theſe times; they gave that title to thoſe, whoſe diſcourſe is unfaſhionable, and conduct not of the mode; that is, to thoſe who are not the ſubjects of com-

mon folly; ſuch were Democritus, Diogenes, Heraclitus, and ſuch the originals of every age.

OF PENETRATION, STUPIDITY, SAGACITY AND DULNESS.

From the faculty of judging, combined with the number of our ſenſations, ſentiments and the chain of our ideas, reſults an aptitude more or leſs to diſtinguiſh the relations of things, denominated *penetration* or *ſtupidity*.

All objects are unconnected, there is no conjunction perceptible to man when firſt he takes a view of nature, even ſuppoſing all his faculties to be developed: the admirable chain connecting every part, is evident to him only who has compared a multiplicity of things in many different ways; in ſhort, only to a philoſopher. But as the knowledge of a ſingle relation, requires a great number of compariſons, and conſequently a great number of ſenſations, it is very evident that the man who poſſeſſes but a few, muſt be neceſſarily ſtupid, and that his penetration muſt be the greater, in proportion as this number is more large.

Without ſenſations and with the faculty of thinking, a man muſt be neceſſarily ſtupid; the ſame likewiſe with the faculty of

of thinking, and many ſenſations and ideas depoſited in the memory, if deſtitute of the power to recall them. It is the underſtanding only which by aid of analogy recalls our ſenſations and ideas, but their reproduction which takes place in the natural ſucceſſion of our ideas, being without relation to any fixed deſign, conduces nothing to penetration. Every ſenſation, every ſentiment, every idea tranſmitted to memory is of no effect, if there be no power of recalling thoſe which are neceſſary to the diſcovery of the relations of which we are in ſearch. Penetration, therefore, depends on the power of recalling to the mind thoſe ſenſations and ideas, which are analogous and correſponding.

Penetration, combined with the time which the mind requires in the diſcovery of objects, becomes *ſagacity* or *dulneſs*. Sagacity, when the time is extremely ſhort *; dulneſs, when very long.

Sagacity, the faculty of perceiving at once the courſe to be taken to arrive at a certain fixed point, depends on the choice which the underſtanding makes of ſenſations, of thoughts, and on the order in

* Sallies of wit, which are ſigns of ſagacity, ariſe from the rapidity with which the mind forms an analogy.

which it arranges them in the memory. The greater analogy theſe ſenſations and theſe thoughts have to the relations ſought, the more eaſily does the mind diſcover theſe relations.

A mind the leaſt ſagacious eaſily ſolves certain abſtract queſtions, when propoſed to it, upon which it has been long intent. It is ſurpriſing with what rapidity it flies to a ſolution, notwithſtanding an infinite number of obſtacles may oppoſe: but offer to a genius of the firſt claſs a queſtion, which, with little difficulty may be ſolved, but may not be congenial with his underſtanding, and you will ſee him heſitate like one really ſtupid.

Newton, whoſe penetrating mind rapidly ſucceeded in the diſcovery of the ſyſtem of the univerſe, was ignorant of matters of religion; and it is certain, that thoſe who incline to the ſtudy of enigmas, diſcuſs them much readier than the moſt ſubtile philoſophers.

Before I leave this ſubject, I ſhall take a curſory view of ſome ſingular phenomena, that naturally preſent themſelves here.

THE

THE EXPLANATION OF DIFFERENT PHENOMENA, THE EFFECTS OF THE PASSIONS ON THE UNDERSTANDING.

The proſpect of nature, how different, according to the different ſentiments affecting us!

In the horror of deſpair, rage and ferocity are taken for heroiſm. In the fury of ſlighted love, we look upon every woman as perfidious; if a miſtreſs prove unfaithful, from her we eſtimate the whole ſex; all are the ſlaves of vanity and ſelf-intereſt. Whilſt in gloomy ſubjection to jealouſy, a rival appears not ſo amiable in our ſight, as he did when the heart was unaffected. How frequently does terror conceal all the horror of the object that affrighted us!

A man, when agitated by the paſſions, ſees not objects in the ſame light as when free from their influence; but what is moſt ſingular, in the ſame paſſion we always ſee objects in the ſame manner. Is the ſoul reſigned to joy? An unknown charm ſeizes upon every object around us, things change in our ſight, and become more pleaſing, more beautiful than before.

The garden in which a courtier, whilſt diſgraced, had endeavoured to forget his cares, upon receiving the news of his recall, appears to him as the reſidence of a bene-

a beneficent being, whoſe hand has withdrew the veil, which before concealed its beauties from his ſight; the flowers appear of nobler hue, of form more agreeable, and of odours more delicious; the air is more ſweet, an univerſal change ſucceeds, and all the graces are around him.

Is the ſoul affected with ſadneſs? The contrary enſues; nature is covered with a veil of darkneſs, its former apparent deformities are enhanced, and every part loſes its beauty.

Whatever ſentiment may affect us, the ſophiſm of the paſſions ever exiſts, the ſight of nature ever varies. Is it love? The object of our paſſion acquires additional charms. Obſerve an ardent lover, whatever may be the figure of his miſtreſs, every part is beautiful, every part agreeable, all is divine: is ſhe black? She is a ſprightly brunette: is ſhe gigantic? She is a majeſtic beauty: without fleſh and meagre to an extreme? She is a delicate nymph, an elegant perſonage, one of the Graces: ſhould his paſſion be carried to an exceſs, this majeſtic beauty, this ſprightly brunette, this delicate nymph is no longer a woman, ſhe becomes an angel in his ſight.

Does hatred on the contrary poſſeſs the heart? The object of our indignation becomes odious, our enemy, whatever merit he

he poſſeſſes, is then ill-favoured and deteſtable. Nothing can prevent objects from being thus affected. When the ſlighted lover, who regarded his miſtreſs as an angel whilſt the ſtrength of his affection continued, ceaſes to love, inſtantly the illuſion diſappears; that amiable aſpect which before excited ſo many pleaſing emotions now works no effect: he now, more calm, ſurveys with aſtoniſhment the once object of his love, is ſurprized at being ever attached to ſuch features. How could I admire her! repeats the lover to himſelf: what has ſhe ſo ſeducing! what are her charms! what her graces! Does he join hatred to indifference? the object changes yet more, the few beauties that remained are obſcured, elegance becomes deformity, and, by a kind of prodigy, hatred ever degrades an object as much as love exalts it. Such in general are the deluſions of the paſſions; was I to repeat their many ſpecies, I ſhould never conclude.

The proſpect of nature ever varies with the paſſion, and conſtantly in the ſame proportion: if this change by degrees, that varies inſenſibly; if this change at once, that with the velocity of lightning. Thus the ſentiment agitating us ever changes the face of nature; like a magician, paſſion extends its deluſion to every object, and never

never allows us to view them but through a borrowed medium. Whence this phenomenon? What this unknown charm, which the paſſions expand over nature? Whence does love embelliſh its object? why hatred diſfigure it?

Of the authors who have attempted to account for theſe phenomena, ſome have attributed it to the imagination, others to the ſenſes.

The firſt ſay, "That in love, for example, the imagination repreſents to us "thoſe images which have a relation analogous to the ſentiment we experience, "that the paſſionate lover whilſt his paſſion continues, ſees not her true image, "but a creature of the fancy, and takes "the beauty himſelf ſtamps thereon to "be really that of the object." But if we carefully examine what at that time paſſes in our minds, we ſhall be convinced, that this illuſion is not the effect of that cauſe to which it is here attributed; and ſhould this internal feeling not convince us, it would be very eaſy to be ſatisfied thereof by the examination of facts.

The ſhades which the paſſions expand over objects, ever change together with the paſſions: do theſe change by degrees? Thoſe inſenſibly decay: do theſe inſtantaneouſly? Thoſe follow with the greateſt rapidity.

rapidity. The cauſe which produced the illuſion in this laſt caſe, is the ſame which produced it in all others. It is therefore clear that in this ſudden change, the illuſion is not the effect of imagination, for no idea enters the ſoul w.ilſt it continues; the underſtanding has not time to act, nor the imagination to feign.

Thoſe who attribute theſe phenomena to an alteration of the ſenſes, produced by the emotions of the mind, are not better ſupported; for objects ever continue the ſame; they likewiſe ever produce on our organs ſimilar impreſſions, and theſe impreſſions are communicated to the ſoul always in the ſame manner; our ſenſes admit of no change, and their organic diſpoſition is ever the ſame. It is therefore evident, that thoſe phenomena have not their cauſe in the organ which receives this impreſſion, nor in the organ propagating it, but in the ſoul by which it is received.

The illuſions, which the ſame paſſion produces, are always the ſame in all caſes; and whether the paſſion changes by imperceptible degradations or inſtantaneouſly, this illuſion changes in the ſame manner; the paſſion and the illuſion gradually decay one after the other. Hence ſince objects are ever the ſame, and ſince the ſame object changes with the ſentiment agitating us, it

is to the paſſion only that theſe phenomena are to be imputed. It is love, therefore, that embelliſhes the idol of our hearts, and lends it its charms without our perceiving it.

But what is the cauſe of this illuſion, of this deceitful charm, which paſſion expands over objects? If we attentively conſider, we ſhall diſcover the ſimple and evident cauſe of this ſurpriſing phenomenon to be in the ſentiment we then entertain.

It is evident that the ſoul ſees not external objects out of the body, it does not even ſee them in the organs of ſenſe but in itſelf; there is the proſpect of nature *.

Whatever ſentiment affects us, the illuſion of the paſſions almoſt always embelliſhes or deforms objects, increaſes or diminiſhes their impreſſion. On the other part, the impreſſion of objects are confined to the production of agreeable or painful ſenſations † of different kinds, and every one

* If you affix a tight ligature to a nerve juſt above its aſſertion into a muſcle, and afterwards force the point of a lancet into this muſcle, it immediately contracts; but the ſoul is not conſcious to this impreſſion: the ſoul therefore feels not at that time in this muſcle.

† The ſame may be ſaid in regard to the ideas of objects: all theſe attributes denominated fine, good, pretty, amiable, charming, noble, ugly, frightful, mean, are only ideas agreeable or diſagreeable. A lover

one of different degrees, but ever retaining theſe two characters. Theſe two different kinds of ſenſations conſtantly ariſe in the ſoul; the one with the ſentiment of joy, the other with the ſentiment of grief.

Thus the ſentiment which the ſoul experiences whilſt affected with any paſſion, and that which ariſes from the impreſſion of objects, being analogous, the ſentiment reſulting from their union muſt be more violent than either one of theſe particular ſentiments, and ſo much the more violent, as the paſſion is more ſtrong and the number of analogous ſenſations more conſiderable. But obſerve, that in every new ſenſation, this compound ſentiment is fully felt, and the ſoul then ſuppoſes it to be the effect of a ſimple ſenſation: the underſtanding, ſuppoſing that, to be a particular effect, which is the produce of ſeveral cauſes, attributes to the impreſſion of objects that which ſhould be attributed to the diſpoſition of the ſoul. It is thus that paſſion embelliſhes, deforms, increaſes, and changes objects; it is thus it expands its ſhades over nature. I ſhall render this

lover thinks no woman handſome or amiable, but in proportion as ſhe reſembles his miſtreſs; this conformity is the moſt pleaſing attribute another can poſſeſs in his eſtimation.

truth more evident, by applying it to ſome example.

In every paſſion a violent ſentiment prevails in the ſoul; in love, for example, it is joy. If, whilſt full of this pleaſing ſentiment, the ſoul be affected by any agreeable ſenſation, to the pleaſure they yield is joined the internal ſentiment agitating us; thus augmented, the pleaſure appears more ſtrong, the ſenſations more agreeable. Thus joy, whilſt the ſoul is affected with love, expands its pleaſing influence to the impreſſions of objects on the ſoul; thus it embelliſhes its object, and lends it its charms. Hence in convaleſcence, the joy of having recovered a good we had loſt, gives to the country a more pleaſing appearance, and renders a view of it more affecting, than when we are in health. The ſoul for a long time oppreſſed by a violent diſeaſe, expands upon returning health, and reſigns itſelf entirely to the pleaſure of exiſtence; hence ſprings that delightful ſentiment, which yields the agreeable emotion we then experience at the proſpect of nature *.

* This likewiſe is the cauſe why a favour, received from the hand of a tender friend, is more agreeable than when received from the hand of a ſtranger; and, in a word, why gratuities take ſuch value from the hand which preſents them.

If

If the ſentiment, reigning in the ſoul during the paſſion, renders the impreſſion of thoſe objects the more ſtrong, which are analogous to it, it muſt naturally impair that of objects which are the reverſe. Hence it is, why in ſadneſs, nature appears covered with a thick veil, and is leſs agreeable to the ſight. This is the cauſe why jealouſy diminiſhes the deſerts of a rival, and why hatred diſfigures objects as much as love adorns them *.

Although the ſentiments, ariſing from paſſion and ſenſations, be reciprocally impaired, when they are the reverſe of each other, they contribute not to their mutual extinction but when they are of equal force; otherwiſe the conteſt is ever to the advantage of the moſt ſtrong. Thus when our hatred is weak, we find ſome ſmall merit in our enemy; in ſlight pains likewiſe we admit a ſhort interval of pleaſure, and in grief that is not exceſſive, a ſmile will ſometimes eſcape us.

Although the ſentiment reſulting from paſſion and the impreſſion of external objects, be more violent when this paſſion and this impreſſion are analogous, and more weak when the reverſe, it is only ſo when

* Such likewiſe is the cauſe of theſe frequent changes of taſte for different meats, different odours, and different modes, attributed to habit and cuſtom.

they are moderate; for when either is extremely violent, their reſpective ſentiment abſorbs all attention, and reigns alone in the ſoul. Hence is the cauſe of that blindneſs obſerved in a perſon ſtrongly affected with any paſſion. Hence, why fear oftentimes conceals the horror of an object that has terrified us. Hence, why joy affects not a ſoul overwhelmed with ſadneſs, and why grief is not admitted into an heart, that is already fully poſſeſſed by joy.

Paſſion frequently renders us blind, deaf, inſenſible, and objects ever take their appearance from the diſpoſition of the ſoul; but there is ſomething yet more ſurpriſing in the illuſion of the paſſions; they cauſe us to ſee objects which do not exiſt. Fear ſometimes produces ſingular deceptions of the ſight: it is fear which repreſents to the credulous the dead riſing from their tombs; it is fear, which to the ſight of a traveller, wandering, benighted and ſolitary in a wood, transforms trees into men, preſents before his eyes in the midſt of obſcurity, a multitude of ſpectres glancing around him, and ſtrikes his ears with the groans of death.

In a fit of enthuſiaſm, the inſpired at times enjoy celeſtial viſions: they converſe with angelic beings; a thouſand phantoms

are

are preſent to their ſight as objects really exiſting.

This phenomenon has for a long time perplexed philoſophers, but they ſucceed not better in their explanation of this, than in that of the preceding; they pretend that "the nervous fluid in this caſe commands "the ſoul; that particularly in the organ "of ſight, it ſucceſſively takes all modifi-"cations, repreſentatives of objects which "have affected it." On what, I would willingly know, do they build this ſtrange opinion? By what means are they aſſured that the fluid of the nerves communicates to the ſoul the image of objects, without the concurrence of theſe objects? Is not this a mere ſuppoſition? But theſe ſages diſcover the marvellous in things, which are in themſelves the moſt ſimple. This phenomenon, which is ſo ſingular when theſe viſions are taken for the effect of the impreſſions of the ſenſes on the ſoul, is not ſo when we conſider that the proſpect of nature is within ourſelves. We muſt ſeek neither out of ourſelves nor in the organs of ſenſe, but in the ſoul itſelf, for thoſe monſtrous images, for thoſe ſpectres, thoſe phantoms which the ancients ſuppoſed to be departed ſouls, plaintive ſhades eſcaped from *Acheron*, and which modern philo-

ſophers regard as ſenſations re-produced on the ſenſes by the fluid of the nerves.

Whilſt preyed on by any violent paſſion, we extend our regard to the objects ſurrounding us, but do not perceive them *, or rather we are inconſcious to their impreſſion. Full of the preſent ſentiment, the ſoul is abſorbed by one object, and inattentive to the reſt; it cannot then oppoſe truth to error, illuſion is inevitable; for it is only by the attention we give to objects, that we can diſtinguiſh in the ſoul their real impreſſions from their images re-produced, which the underſtanding then preſents to us, and aſſociates with them. Hence is the reaſon, why in extreme terror, man cannot compare his ſenſations with the objects which ſurround him, or recollect the circumſtances cauſing that which he perceives to be or not to be. Incapable of conſidering whether theſe objects be real or only chimeras, he takes the illuſory images which preſent themſelves to the mind for objects really exiſting. It is thus ſleep lends to the errors of a dream all the traits of reality: whilſt the ſenſes are at reſt, and attention is ſuſpended, the images of the objects which have affected us are re-traced in the mind, and with ſo great

* This happens in the catalepſy.

exactneſs,

exactneſs, that we frequently ſuppoſe ourſelves to ſee and hear thoſe who have long ſince departed to *that bourn whence no traveller returns.* When deep darkneſs and ſilence ſurround us, we ſometimes fancy ourſelves to ſee the ſun and the light of day, hear ſounds, and change from one climate to another; ſometimes ſee the miſtreſs of our heart, hear the melody of her voice, and preſs her tenderly to our boſom; we again feel the beloved object to eſcape from our embrace, and ſo ſtrongly confound fiction with reality, that we undergo violent agitations, extend our arms, fly from our beds, and purſue the empty ſhade, till we awake, recover our ſenſes, and with regret are undeceived.

Such are the true cauſes of thoſe ſingular phenomena, which have ſo much baffled philoſophers, and none yet have been able to explain.

OF THE EXERCISE OF THE MEMORY.

The ſoul may be affected at one time with many ſenſations, and never but with one idea; but what an immenſe number of ſenſations, of ſentiments, of ideas, at once are retained in the memory!

As the memory is a faculty purely paſſive, acting not of itſelf, all thoſe ſenſations,

all thoſe ideas, all thoſe ſentiments, which are depoſited in this magazine, are as non-exiſtent, till the underſtanding calls them forth to the mind. Without this intellectual power, the memory would be wholly inutile, our thoughts ever effaced one by another, the fruit of experience would be loſt to us; and the paſt being for ever concealed by the preſent, would be as time which had never been.

We can fix our ſenſibility and judgment upon any object, but we are not able either to modify in our ſenſibility the impreſſion of objects, or to form our judgments at will. We can indeed chuſe the object we would depoſit in the memory, by applying the ſoul to it with attention, but we cannot modify any thing depoſited in the memory, nor exclude that which is once admitted there.

I have demonſtrated how this faculty, combined with ſenſibility, underſtanding and will, becomes *recollection* and *remembrance:* I ſhall not here repeat what I have ſaid elſewhere upon this ſubject, but confine myſelf to obſervations of a different kind.

The exerciſe of the memory depends on the underſtanding; theſe two faculties in this reſpect are ſubject to the ſame laws. It is only by aid of ſome relations of the preſent

preſent ſenſations and ideas to thoſe which are paſt, that theſe latter are re-traced in the mind. In deliriums, in folly, in dreams, where every thing appears unconnected and in diſorder, the renewing of our ſenſations and ideas is perfected only by the aſſiſtance of analogy, as when we are awake, notwithſtanding their connections be not perceived; for whatever things we recollect have ſome relation to the ſubſequent or preceding.

Senſations and ſentiments are always more active in the inſtant we receive them, than when returned from the memory; hence the paſſions derive their force, their object being preſent to them.

With an heart full of reſentment did Coriolanus march againſt his country, no obſtacle could reſtrain him; threats or intreaties were in vain, he ſat down to beſiege Rome. At ſight of this his native city, the idea of the injuries his fellow-citizens had done him, aroſe with new energy in his mind. His rage was inflamed, he breathed only revenge, and he haſtened to carry fire and ſword into the bowels of his country. Whilſt theſe emotions prevailed, his mother, his wife, his children preſent themſelves before him in tears; the ſight of theſe beloved objects inſtantly awaken in his heart the ſentiments of tenderneſs, which had before ſubſided to

rage; his reſolution gave way, every ſentiment of hatred became extinct, and to the cruel pleaſure of revenge ſucceeded the love of his family, his friends and his Gods.

A thouſand other examples of this kind, yet more convincive might be offered. If to the man who has long lived with adverſity, fortune ſuddenly becomes propitious; upon hearing of this change ſcarcely can he reſtrain his joy; during the long interval that detains him from the poſſeſſion of his treaſure, his imagination is inceſſantly engaged with the pleaſures he promiſes to himſelf; he can enjoy no reſt, no repoſe: obſerve how his eyes gliſten at the ſight of the ſacred metal; ſeized with extreme joy, the emotions affecting him can no longer be confined in the ſoul; they appear, notwithſtanding his efforts, in rapid motions and exceſſive tranſports!

To a criminal capitally condemned, fear continually increaſes; his inquietudes gather ſtrength as the hours revolve, and the fatal inſtant approaches: brought to the inſtrument of death, he trembles with horror at the proſpect of what he is to undergo, his blood congeals in its veſſels, and his organs are enervated with fear.

The paſſions derive their force from the preſence of their object. It is this law which cauſes ſo many projects to expire in birth,

birth, renders ſo many ſecret reſolutions abortive, and reſtrains all ſeverity of diſcourſe when the tyrant appears. It is this increaſes the agonies of a ſinner and the delights of a penitent, the nearer they approach the great day of account. Hence the impreſſion of objects, ſo ſtrong when firſt it is received, being tranſmitted to the memory gradually decays, in proportion to the interval which paſſes from the inſtant it is received, to the moment of its recollection. Time which deſtroys every thing ſeems to have the ſame effect on our ſouls; ſenſations, ſentiments, ideas, like characters ſculptered on marble, are gradually obliterated, and with age decay.

OF THE EXERCISE OF THE WILL.

We can fix our ſenſibility on any object, we can ſelect thoſe we will to depoſit in the memory and apply the underſtanding to the conſideration of any at pleaſure; all the faculties of the ſoul are therefore in this reſpect dependent on the will.

The ſame laws appear in the regular exerciſe of theſe faculties, as are obſerved in the voluntary and automatonic motions of the body; the ſoul can employ them in any determinate deſign, can attend at pleaſure to any choſen object, and requires only a ſimple

a ſimple determination of the will to continue this attention. Senſibility, memory, and underſtanding in certain reſpects depend on the will, but this is in its turn ſubject to ſenſibility. Examine the will in any relation you pleaſe, you will ever find it to be directed by the ſentiment, by the love of pleaſure and averſion to pain, even when it appears to ſeek this, and renounce the other.

Love of well-being! Deſire of felicity! by you the misfortunate feel the vanity of this life; you arm his hand with the inſtruments of rage, and turn them againſt himſelf. You excite the fanatics of devotion to faſtings, mortifications and privations of every kind; from you is received that ſacred ardor by which they reſolutely ſhed the blood of their own bodies, and expire in the agonies of ſelf-inflicted torments.

All our faculties therefore differently depend one on the other. Senſibility, ever ſubject to the impreſſion of external objects, is ſometimes influenced by the will. Memory has for its baſis the ſenſations and ideas, and never developes without the aid of ſenſibility and the underſtanding. The underſtanding ever requires the concurrence of ſenſibility, of memory, and frequently of the will. The will likewiſe is itſelf

ſubject

ſubject to ſentiment. Such is the connection of our intellectual faculties; a connection the moſt admirable, whereby theſe different powers unite in the ſame operations, in a manner ſo gentle, ſo imperceptible, that the aſſiſtance of art is neceſſary to the perception of it.

PARTICULAR OBSERVATIONS ON OUR SENSATIONS.

I have obſerved that there may be many moderate ſenſations in the ſoul at one time, but never more than one extremely active. The force of this therefore muſt be much greater, than the combined force of the others. It is not becauſe their multiplicity impairs the ſenſitive principle, and that they really acquire force in proportion as their number is diminiſhed; but becauſe a very ſtrong ſenſation occupies the entire ſoul, and wholly engages its attention: at that time the others are of no effect, they undoubtedly are tranſmitted to the ſoul, but are not received there. Hence the leſs ſenſibility is divided between different ſenſations; the greater is the force of each particular one. The ſenſations, therefore, muſt be unconnected to retain their full power.

It is not ſo with the ſentiments of joy and ſadneſs, which are produced in the ſoul by theſe ſenſations. In the concurrence of analogous ſenſations which together affect the ſoul, their union produces the moſt powerful effects; for the ſecond object which the ſoul diſcovers, aſſiſts to the pleaſure produced by the firſt, and this pleaſure is yet farther increaſed by the charms of the new object which ſucceeds it. The more theſe ſenſations are multiplied, the ſentiment formed from their combination muſt be the more ſtrong; the ſoul being at once affected in many different parts.

A tempeſt ſtrikes the ſpectator with horror, but this horror is much increaſed if in the ſame tempeſt the atmoſphere appears on fire, if the winds are in their fury, and the thunder rolling over the concave of heaven.

The proſpect of a fine country, illumined by the ſetting ſun, and gilded with his departing rays in the evening of a ſerene day, imparts joy to the ſoul; the coolneſs of the air, the pleaſing melody of the birds, the murmur of a gently flowing ſtream, the odour of flowers and eaſy motion of the zephyrs, farther contribute to the pleaſure of the ſcene, and wholly engage the heart.

In the Pleaſing, as in the Terrible, the concurrence of analogous ſenſations compoſe all that is magnific in the ſcene, and the irregular aſſemblage of pleaſing and frightful objects, together with the variegation of the whole, forms an engaging proſpect which charms the heart, or terrifies the ſoul by the ſenſes.

We have ſeen that different ſenſations muſt be unconnected to produce their full effort; but by a ſingular phenomenon, the united force of the analogous ſenſations, which at the ſame time affect the ſoul, is incomparably greater than that of the ſame ſenſations when they act ſingly. In the inchanting proſpect of a fine landſcape at ſun-riſing, not only every new object, every new ſenſation is aiding to the pleaſure produced by the others; but what is more to be admired, is, that every ſenſation becomes more intenſe, and every object is embelliſhed with the charms of that which ſucceeds it; the odour of flowers renders their colour more agreeable, and the ſweet breathing of Zephyrus, adds harmony to the chant of birds. Each of theſe ſenſations therefore acquire force by their union and mutual concurrence. The cauſe of this phenomenon is very ſimple; for to the pleaſure produced by one, is united that of the others. The ſentiment of pleaſure, formed

formed from theſe particular ſentiments muſt then be more powerful, and the impreſſion of the ſenſation more efficacious, as I have proved elſewhere. Analogous ſenſations therefore gain by their union, ſo much as the contrary loſe thereby. Hence is the reaſon why wine is more pleaſing, if beſides its flavour, it be of a brilliant colour, and yet more agreeable, if received from a veſſel of chryſtal than from a veſſel of ſtone. Hence is the cauſe why in places of public entertainment, the defect of decoration renders the performance leſs intereſting, and long uſed dreſſes degrade the merit of the actors, and the excellency of the enjoyment.

OF THE FORCE OF THE PASSIONS.

The ſource of every paſſion is the love of ſelf, and this ſentiment is of equal force is every individual; for nothing can be conceived ſuperior to that love which every one entertains for himſelf: this ſentiment has likewiſe the ſame degree of force in every individual; a man never preferring another to himſelf. The paſſions, however, are not of equal force or equal activity in every perſon; as they derive not their power from their ſource but from ſenſibility, by which both pleaſure and pain is computed.

If

If it be a law of nature to love that which is beneficial to us, and to hate that which is hurtful, it likewiſe is a law to love or hate theſe objects in proportion to the good or the ill they do us. The force of the paſſions is then proportionate in every individual to his ſenſibility; but that is not the only cauſe of their difference; their force varies likewiſe with the nature of their objects.

Every paſſion is a devouring fire which carries its heat into the ſoul, and animates it with new vigour; but to the factitious paſſions only is owing all the energy and power of the ſoul. That voluptuous emotion which renders one ſex neceſſary to the other, is gentle * and moderate in the ſtate of nature; that is, when imagination is excluded, the luſtful ardour which renders that peaceful animal the ſtag, furious, is not perceived in man. Is the body ſurcharged with prolific fluid? Man has a ſtrong ſenſe of the impulſe of nature; he reſigns himſelf wholly to pleaſure, but is never furious. It is only when the moral of this paſſion is joined to that impulſe of nature; it is only when the imagination,

* Let us not confound love in the ſtate of nature with factitious love, wherein the ſenſes are inflamed by the imagination, yet without being determined excluſively to any object.

finding

finding in the object thoſe ideas of beauty and merit which we make to ourſelves; that it increaſes the allurements of the object, and indicates our ſovereign good in the poſſeſſion of it; the ſentiment of love by this means becomes an immoderate paſſion. Like a devouring fire, it inceſſantly feeds on him who is poſſeſſed by it, prompts him to endure every kind of evil, to encounter all dangers, and to ſpill even his blood for its ſatisfaction: ſo that this terrible paſſion appears in its fury proper only to deſtroy the human race, which it is deſtined to preſerve.

The other ſenſual paſſions are not more violent than love, as it is in the ſtate of nature; eaſy to be repreſſed, they require but little for their gratification *: whilſt the greateſt prodigies have been produced by the factitious. It was the love of glory, that produced thoſe

* Neither let us confound the fear of death, which ever accompanies the want of aliments, with the pleaſure of ſatisfying hunger. This pleaſure could not engage man to ſuffer the ſlighteſt pain, or expoſe himſelf to the leaſt danger: the fear of death, on the contrary, expoſes him frequently to a thouſand dangers in order to avoid it. In public calamities, in a ſiege where the moſt extreme famine prevails, there is nothing the ſufferers would not ſacrifice to procure bread, they would be happy even with the power of buying it at the price of all they poſſeſs.

ancient heroes, whoſe actions ſo greatly aſtoniſh us, *Regulus*, *Alexander*, *Cæſar*, *Gengiſcan*, and thoſe yet more ſurpriſing, *Zeno*, *Socrates* and *Diogenes*. It was the love of glory that cauſed them to ſacrifice all the pleaſures of life, to paſs their days in the painful exerciſe of the moſt auſtere duties, inceſſantly exerciſing their ſouls with patience, and continuing it ever prepared for the ſtrokes of adverſe fortune.

It was the *Amor Patriæ* that inſtigated the *Decii*, the *Curii*, the *Camilli*, to devote themſelves for its preſervation. It was this love that prompted *Ariſtides*, the pacific and the juſt, to the moſt uncommon moderation: for this he reſpected the liberty of his fellow-citizens, when it was in his power to have enſlaved them; for this he determined to be equal to others when he might have been ſupreme; for this he inceſſantly obeyed the laws of rigid virtue, and preſerved through the courſe of a long life the greateſt purity of mind. To this love, we owe the incorruptible virtue of Cato, Cato the image of the Gods, the enemy of tyranny, and the guardian of his country; for this he undertook the cauſe of expiring liberty after the death of Pompey, ſeized the torch of war, and revived the drooping ſpirits of the people; for this he replaced the ſword in their trembling

hands, practiſed them in the exerciſe of arms, and ſought ſuccour for his country in regions till then unknown; for this he traverſed frightful deſerts, notwithſtanding the greateſt dangers and moſt extreme fatigue, ſupported ſingly all the burden of civil war, without any deſire of reigning: Cato, the motive of all whoſe actions was the love of his country and of liberty, ever regardleſs of his own intereſt, and watchful of that of the public, yielded to grief, when he perceived his efforts to be vain; but grief being inſufficient to deſtroy him, he had recourſe to the ſword; he pierced his ſide, and tore out his own bowels, that he might not be the ſad witneſs of his country enſlaved!

The fictitious paſſions produced all thoſe great actions, where eclat dazzles our imperfect ſight, all thoſe great perſonages, worthy of adoration, whoſe ſurpriſing actions to us appear fabulous, ſince virtue is no longer eſteemed.

ON THE COMBINATION OF THE PASSIONS.

Every paſſion is founded on the love of pleaſure and hatred of pain, ſentiments common to every man; the ſame ſoul is therefore ſuſceptible of every paſſion indiſcriminately, yet they all cannot prevail at

once; there are ſome which exclude each other reciprocally; avarice excludes love of pomp, and the love of glory that of repoſe.

There is never at the ſame time more than one paſſion predominant in the ſoul, though the ſoul be frequently divided by many different paſſions: but the greater is the number of theſe paſſions *, the leſs is the force of any particular one. Not that the ſenſibility of the ſoul is divided by their multiplicity, for each one acting ſeparately occupies the ſoul entire; but as theſe paſſions act in ſucceſſion, neither of them has time to make any ſtrong impreſſion thereon. It is the imagination that paints the object deſired, it is the imagination that embelliſhes the idol of our hearts, and inceſſantly improves it with new charms; by degrees the eclat with which we have adorned it, dazzles the ſight and ſeduces ourſelves; in the end, we fooliſhly adore the work of our own hands, we ſigh to poſſeſs this chimera, and conſume life in the purſuit of it.

Deſire is formed in the ſoul, when the underſtanding has perceived the relations between the poſſeſſion of an object and our happineſs; but it decays not immediately

* This muſt be underſtood of the fictitious paſſions only.

after its formation, it even continues awhile without incommoding our thoughts.

Our deſires are reciprocally combined in different manners, according to their analogy and diverſity. The paſſions which reſult from objects unconnected, act in ſucceſſion, the mind paſſes from one to another, however imperceptible this tranſition may be; the ſoul is then divided between contrary emotions, and this action is weakened thereby.

Did you never obſerve the pain a lover feels, upon quitting his miſtreſs to join the army and engage in war? ſuch as the poet repreſents the departure of *Achilles* from *Deidamia* to the ſiege of *Troy:* agitated by contrary emotions his ſoul long wavered betwixt love and glory; he at length departed, but with grief, and in a manner which evidently demonſtrated his irreſolution.

Contrary paſſions ariſing in the mind reciprocally weaken each other. Thus in queſtions, relating to probability, perſuaſion but little prevails when the underſtanding is divided by contrary ideas. But in the ſucceſſion of analogous paſſions, the ſentiment ſucceeding concurs with that which is already acting on the heart, and their united action communicates a double impreſſion to the ſoul.

Whilſt

Whilſt Rome was yet free, whilſt her walls included citizens, rich with the ſpoils of vanquiſhed nations, the love of liberty and glory, together with the deſire of preſerving the riches they had acquired, was the ſource of the ſuperior courage of the Romans *.

What a triumph for the young Samnites, to be at once the objects of public honours, and of the deſires of beauty! how energetic the love of glory (a ſentiment ſo powerful and ſo delicate, which unites the love of beauty, grandeur and ſublimity, to all the energy of ſelf-love †) when increaſed by all the allurements of pleaſure?

The force of the paſſions, ever proportionate to the degree of ſenſibility, is therefore increaſed by the union of analogous paſſions, and the more ſo in proportion as the greater is the number of thoſe ſentiments which are collected into one only. Thus a torrent whoſe waters divided flow with a gentle motion, when they unite in the ſame channel, ruſh onward with the

* When the profeſſion of a ſoldier was the excluſive right of a common citizen, the rich ſoldiers ever diſtinguiſhed themſelves the moſt, their hazard being greater than that of others. In a word, the riſk of life was common, that of goods particular.

† This is the cauſe why ſelf-love, piqued at being rejected by the object beloved, increaſes our love for that object.

greateſt impetuoſity; its waves beat furiouſly upon the rocks, its foamy ſurge is repelled to a great highth in the air, and every obſtacle in its fury is ſubverſed.

THE DURATION OF THE PASSIONS.

If we diſtinguiſh the emotions of the ſoul by their duration, we ſhall find every ſenſual paſſion to be momentary, and every fictitious paſſion to be laſting.

When love is no more than the voluptuous emotion which inclines one ſex to the other, it is periodical, and felt only when the body is ſurcharged with prolific fluid; man therefore awaits the impulſe of nature ere he reſigns thereto; his want being ſatisfied, he has no longer deſire, love is extinct. The duration of pleaſure is only for the imagination, not for the ſenſes, however ardent thoſe of lovers may be. During their ſhort delirium, their greedy eyes, their impatient hands, know not which charm to ſelect; in the moment of enjoyment they claſp with extreme ardour the object of their deſires, and in an univerſal tremor, impreſs the moſt paſſionate kiſſes: at the acceſs of that delicious ſenſation, the ſummit of pleaſure, their tranſports how greatly increaſed! their embraces how furious! their ſouls over-powered with exceſſive

ceſſive pleaſure, meet on their eager lips, preſs upon each other, and endeavour to unite. Soon as the prolific fluid is ejected, the fires which before conſumed them languiſh and decay; but recalled to pleaſure by new deſires, again they kindle, and again love overwhelms the ſoul: after a few repetitions of this phrenzy, a few moments enjoyed in fluttering from flower to flower, a frigid languor ſucceeds, and the happy pair without paſſions, without deſires, ſigh for repoſe, and are eager to depart.

How different when imagination lends charms to love! when the beauties of the object beloved are exaggerated in the lover's eyes; when imagination repreſents his miſtreſs the perfect model of every excellence, and indicates, that his greateſt felicity conſiſts in the poſſeſſion of her; the lover becomes an enthuſiaſt, an internal fire is lighted up within him which continues unextinguiſhed for years. Should he at length enjoy his beloved, the tender emotions of his heart continue after enjoyment, the charm remains when the delirium of the ſenſes is no more. Moſt refined charm! moſt delicious ſentiment! which produced by admiration, and nurtured by eſteem and reſpect, forms a durable band that age cannot unlooſe.

When cruel deſtiny has deprived a tender miſtreſs of her lover, her wounded heart demands him from Heaven; in the exceſs of her grief ſhe attaches herſelf to his ſhade, moiſtens his cold remains with her tears, and preſſes to her mournful boſom the urn in which they are incloſed.

The duration of the paſſions is likewiſe relative to their degree of force; for the ſucceſſion of ſentiments is ever in proportion to their vivacity, as is that of phyſical ſenſations. This is evident from the predominant paſſion, that furious deſpot which reigns imperiouſly in the ſoul, and tyrannizes there a long ſeries of years, even till the body drops into the grave.

OF THE LIFE OF THE SOUL.

Deprive man of the deſire of happineſs, the love of pleaſure and averſion to pain, he is eaſy with the preſent, unconcerned for the future, and devoid of care; he will trouble himſelf neither to think nor reflect; and having no intereſt to prompt him, will contin- inactive, and his ſoul become lethargic. The paſſions are the life of the ſoul, the ſoul of the moral world; the paſſions impart motion to our faculties, and render every ſenſible being active. It is averſion to pain that rouſes animals from

from their repoſe, and prompts them to ſeek for food, the horſe the green herb, and man his prey. It is the love of pleaſure that excites every animal to delight in the ſociety of his own ſpecies, that impels the ſexes to ſeek each other and unite. It is the love of gold that tempts man to hazard the fury of the waves, allures him acroſs immenſe oceans, and is the incentive of his continual toils to amaſs it. It is the love of glory that warms the heart of the philoſopher and hero, prompts them to conſume life, the one in the ſearch of wiſdom, the other in the toilſome exerciſe of virtue. It is the thirſt of fame, ambition, avarice, fear, love, hatred, or all theſe paſſions united, that entice men to arms, inflame them with an inſane ardor, incite in them a love of fighting, hurry them precipitately one upon another, fire and ſword in hand, and ſtrew the earth with bodies glutted with ſlaughter.

Like an impetuous wind the paſſions raiſe their voice, impell man to action, and inceſſantly determine his will, notwithſtanding the allurements of repoſe which tend to continue him inactive.

THE ABSURD OPINION OF PHILOSOPHERS ON THE FORCE OF THE SOUL.

The life of the ſoul is the being animated with the paſſions; the force of the ſoul conſiſts in repreſſing and ſubjecting them to reaſon; but in what manner does the ſoul command them? Hear the philoſopher, "Two principles prevail in man; "paſſions to excite and reaſon to controul "him; this governs, that animates him: "the paſſions impell the ſoul to action, "reaſon directs it and repreſſes them; by "this the paſſions are reſtrained, and the "ſoul is predominant."

Vain declamation! let theſe philoſophers make of the paſſions and reaſon two contrary principles; let them oppoſe, ſo much as they pleaſe, the one to the other, yet they will never diſcover in tranquil reaſon a counterpoiſe to the impetuoſity of deſire and vivacity of ſentiment.

To conquer a paſſion, nay, even to will it, the ſoul muſt conſider and examine the reaſons why to act and why to refrain; it muſt ſhew the ſuperior advantage of reſt to action; but as the impulſes of ſentiment are rapid, ſo the arguments of reaſon proceed but ſlowly, and the paſſions prevail before man can deliberate on what he has

to

to do. For the paſſions feel the preſent good, and reaſon only foreſees in the conſequence the good which is to come: the objects of the paſſions ſtrongly affect us, they being preſent to the ſight, whilſt thoſe of reaſon are impaired by being remote, and ever cede to the preceding.

O reaſon! reaſon! the ſo much boaſted reſource of the wiſe, what can thy feeble voice prevail againſt the impetuous violence of the paſſions? What can it effect on a ſoul in deſpair, or reſigned to the fury of the ſenſes? As thy aſſiſtance appears to be ſo weak, let me doubt if thou at that time canſt adminiſter any.

When the voice of the paſſions is heard, attention is wholly engroſſed thereby *: *Ulyſſes*, the ſage *Ulyſſes*, ſpent his days in dalliance in the arms of *Circe*; voluptuouſneſs cauſed him to forget his Penelope, his Telemachus and Ithaca, his people, his glory and his duties; nor till the delirium had paſſed away, and his paſſion was cloyed with enjoyment, did the image of his wife, of his family, his ſubjects, ariſe in his mind: it was only when the voice of the paſſions was repreſſed, that that of reaſon could be heard; that his heart returned to

* See p. 58. Art. on the Exerciſe of the Underſtanding.

duty,

duty, and was diſpoſed to re-enter the long-forſaken paths of wiſdom.

When affected with the tumultuous paſſions, the ſoul does not reflect, nor can the voice of reaſon be heard †: like a pilot in a veſſel that has loſt its anchor, and is driven full ſail at the mercy of the winds; overcome by the fury of the tempeſt he abandons the helm, and lets it drive, himſelf a uſeleſs incumberance aboard that which he can no longer direct.

Such, Reaſon, is thy boaſted power! Wiſdom, how vain! leaving man defenceleſs in time of danger, thou giveſt him aſſiſtance only when it is not required.

In the impetuous paſſions, the ſoul, being unable to oppoſe, makes no reſiſtance, tranquil reaſon is ſilent; or if it retain the leaſt activity, it ſerves only to augment the power of the other. Fixed upon preſent pleaſure, as the acting ſentiment, it is ſeduced by the allurements of voluptuouſneſs, and acts in concert with it, having the ſame object in view. A docile ſlave during the tempeſt, and when the ſtorm is aſſuaged, inſtead of relieving our misfortunes, joins its voice with the ſentiments of our evils, and aſſiſts to depreſs the heart. As a powerleſs friend in time of danger, it abandons us in neceſſity, unites with the enemy, and returns not but

† See the ſame article.

to

to add to our ſhame after a defeat. Thus ever applauding, or ſlowly cenſuring, it can only approve of our errors *, or puniſh them with uſeleſs remorſe. Thus the ſoul being unprotected againſt the paſſions, is carried away by their violence, and man is neceſſitated to ſurrender to ſentiment. The empire of Reaſon therefore conſiſts in having no paſſions either to repreſs or ſubdue.

To how little this power of the ſoul is reduced! how trivial this prerogative in which philoſophers have ſo greatly exulted!

TRUE IDEAS OF THE FORCE OF THE SOUL.

In the career of human life, wherein man is ſo variouſly affected, the paſſions only are the principle of his actions; but it is not action which conſtitutes the force of the ſoul, it is the reſiſtance which the ſoul oppoſes to the paſſions.

Who then is endowed with force of ſoul? Not the boiſterous Achilles, regardleſs of every danger; not the ardent Alexander, who traverſed the globe with fire and ſword, ſubdued myriads of mankind; not the auſtere Cato, who tore open his own body, and drew out his entrails with

* See p. 73. art. The Explanation of different Phenomena, the Effects of the Paſſions on the Underſtanding.

his hands*: equally defenceleſs againſt their paſſions, they all ſubmitted to them, this to grief, that to voluptuouſneſs, and the other to ambition. The man that deſpiſes pain and pleaſure, that conſiders danger without fear, that receives with indifference the ſtrokes of adverſe fortune, and ſuſtains them without effort; he, I ſay, is endowed with force of ſoul. In morals, as in phyſics, we diſtinguiſh force into active and paſſive; but diſtinguiſh ever ſo frequent the faculties of the ſoul from each other, and the ſoul itſelf from the faculties; theſe two kinds of power will be never perceived in man; we ſhall indeed perceive a moving power, (the ſentiment), but no counterpoiſe. It is not that the impetuoſity of the paſſions cannot be repreſſed; it can be without doubt, by oppoſing one to the other; that is, by ſubjecting the ſoul to many, in order to deliver it from the tyranny of one. Men therefore, being thus the feeble ſport of his paſſions, is inceſſantly neceſſitated to ſubmit to their tyranny, as a ſlave condemned to ſervitude without the hopes of relief, ever fluctuating between different

* Every perſon committing ſuicide, deſires only to remove the ſight of his miſeries, which he cannot endure with patience. Death is not an object of fear to him, it is life only.

maſters

maſters, and not having even the choice of his chains.

Let us then conclude, that if the force of the ſoul conſiſts in commanding our paſſions, there is not, properly ſpeaking, any man endued therewith; whatever is arranged under that head is abſurd; for to deſtroy the empire of the paſſions, we muſt deſtroy ſenſibility itſelf.

OF THE FEIGNED FORCE OF THE SOUL.

" *Socrates*, that calmly drank the bowl " of poiſon; *Seneca*, that expired in the " bath, converſing with his friends; *Zeno*, " that equally reſiſted pleaſure and pain, " that refuſed himſelf every thing which " might enervate the ſoul, were they not " endued with this force?" Do you ſuppoſe theſe ſages did not act forced parts? Do you believe that Socrates or Seneca met death without trembling? From the bitter reproaches the one vented on the tyrant, that had commanded his execution, is it not evident that he yielded unwillingly to his deſtiny? And when the other would not debaſe himſelf to plead, when his ſoul, prepared by the continual exerciſe of wiſdom, would not give that mark of timidity, who can believe that *Socrates* did not act a borrowed part? He endeavoured indeed to conceal his real feelings

ings with an air of ſerenity and an unfaltering voice; but his ſoul fluttered within him, and his trouble muſt have appeared, notwithſtanding this vain diſguiſe, to a diſcerning ſpectator. The proſpect of a painful death will ever ſtrike us with terror; no man can ſurvey it with a dry and ſteady eye: though poſſeſſed with the blackeſt deſpair, though determined upon ſuicide, the wretch cannot turn his arm againſt himſelf, he heſitates and cannot depart; again he warms his mind with the ideas of his ſufferings, a favourable moment ſucceeds, and tranſports him; even then he reverts his face whilſt ſtriking the ſtroke of death.

The force of the paſſions is proportionate to the degree of ſenſibility, and ſenſibility is known but by the force of the paſſions. When the heart is free from every connection, and all ſenſibility is concentrated in the mind, man appears inſenſible; he can even believe himſelf to be ſo.

When the object of the paſſion affecting the ſoul be ſuch, that it may be enjoyed in ſilence, as that of pride, man even then appears inſenſible; but 'tis to others only, for his ſenſibility is not unknown to himſelf. We cannot perceive the paſſions of others but by their exterior appearance, yet they exiſt nevertheleſs by not being conſpicuous. What would be the principle of human actions,

actions, if not ſome ſenſation or ſome ſentiment? What motive taken from its own proper foundation could calm wiſdom or tranquil reaſon ſupply?

With the art of reſtraining the paſſions by arming the one againſt the other, of forming, if ſo to expreſs myſelf, the field of battle in the heart, man has found that of balancing the ſoul, of preſerving it in an equilibrium, to conceal his trouble with a ſerene outſide, and to imitate that true calm of the heart which is the effect of inſenſibility externally, he appears tranquil, but trouble is raging within. Thus *Camillus* concealed his reſentment with the love of his country; *Fabius* the thirſt of fame, and *Decius* the love of life. Thus the auſtere ſtoick, tranſported with the love of glory, conceals under an haughty indifference and diſdainful gravity the love of pleaſure and averſion to pain.

It was not force of ſoul that prevented *Socrates* from revealing his trouble, and venting his tears,—it was pride. After ſo many paſt efforts, he muſt ſuſtain his character to the laſt, make a virtue of neceſſity, and terminate victoriouſly a life ſo abounding with conflicts.

" The whole univerſe turn their eyes " upon thee, be careful of thy glory So- " crates; thy long life has been conſumed

" in making a parade of ſuſtaining adver-
" ſity with reſolution; O grief be thou
" repreſſed, deprive me not at my exit
" from life of the ſole reward of my con-
" ſtancy!" Such ſaid *Socrates* ſilently to himſelf, and ſuch would he have ſpoken aloud had he dared.

Whatever man can do, it will be in vain for him to pretend to be exempt from fear, and free from the yoke of the paſſions; he obeys them inceſſantly without perceiving it, even at the time he is indulging his triumph.

When *Diogenes* crowned himſelf with his own hands at the Iſthmian games, and proclaimed himſelf ſuperior to pleaſure and every human vanity, he was the ſlave of pride.

Let us then conclude that the force of the ſoul is a quality purely apparent, is often even weakneſs under the maſk of ſtrength. Such this ſo much boaſted virtue,—fallacious virtue, in which the ſhadow is often ſubſtituted for the body, and the appearance for the reality.

Man is inceſſantly the ſlave of his paſſions; however, in this univerſal ſervitude, all men are not of equal degree; their ſubjection is ever in proportion as the paſſions are more violent, as they have the greater number of connections, and as their con-

nections are the more ſtrong; for the force of the ſoul is in inverſe proportion to ſenſibility. Heroes, who are celebrated for being endued with force of ſoul, are more the ſlaves of their paſſions, than the indolent and fickle (who are agitated by the flux and reflux of opinion, conſtantly wavering between contrary impreſſions;) their minds not having even the choice of their ſhackles, nor the power of changing them.

But what is more ſurpriſing, thoſe ſages ſo greatly renowned, thoſe who pretend to poſſeſs this force of mind, are really the weakeſt of men. During the time they believe themſelves to be ſuperior to every paſſion, and are boaſting of their victory, they are ſubject to the moſt imperious maſters; for reaſon can never counterbalance one ſentiment but by an oppoſite one, or repreſs a weaker paſſion but by a ſtronger; that is, to free the ſoul from one kind of ſervitude, and ſubject it to another more ſevere.

THE END.